

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Challenge



A queen is only human after all

—and none have ever been more human than Marie Antoinette, Madame Du Barry, Empress Josephine, Madame de Pompadour and Queen Catherine de Medici. The inner history of their lives and the lives of such personages as Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Napoleon form the most enchanting narrative of history and the things behind history that man has ever had the opportunity to read.

The Memoirs and Chronicles of the Courts of Europe

a handsomely printed set of books in fourteen volumes, show us into the very lives of these fascinating characters, as well as into the daily and almost hourly happenings of their courts. The Memoirs are written by eyewitnesses—in some cases by secretaries and maids-in-waiting—and they appeal to the human side of the readers' interest as no history can. And yet there is history behind them.

2-5-12
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New York, N. Y.

Please send to me, absolutely free of charge and without any obligation on my part, the new brochure describing the Memoirs and Chronicles of the Courts of Europe.

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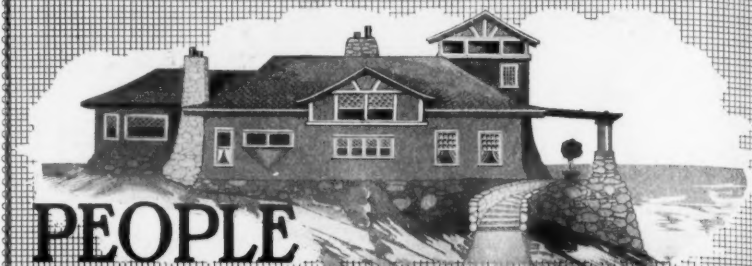
In going through these Memoirs we see the real causes of the incredible frivolities which brought on the

French Revolution. We see reenacted the fearful Reign of Terror, from its very beginning to the final guillotining of King Louis and Queen Marie Antoinette. We get to know Napoleon as though we were living with him—and we almost are, for what we read is a personal record of his life, written day by day, by his private secretary. And so it is with the story of every one of the alluring characters touched upon in this collection of intimate historical writings.

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YOU are asked to buy a FORD Model T not because it is a cheaper car, but because it is a **better** car.

Better because it has the lowest purchase price and running cost per mile per passenger of any five passenger touring car in the world.

Better because of Vanadium Steel Construction.

Better because it is the simplest motor car in design; the easiest and most reliable in control.

Immediate delivery.

Ford Model T Touring Car, 4 cylinders, 5 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit, **\$690**

Ford Model T Torpedo, 4 cylinders, 2 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit, **\$590**

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Ford Model T Town Car, (Landulet), 4 cylinders, 6 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit, **\$900**

Ford Model T Delivery Car, capacity 750 pounds merchandise, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit, **\$700**

Send for the booklet, "Six Talks by the Jolly Fat Chauffeur with the Double Chin." Address Department P.

Ford Motor Company
DETROIT.

Good size." A tire mile

The found to

Rated Size	
30 x 3	1
"	2
"	3
"	4
"	5
"	6
32 x 3 1/2	1
"	2
"	3
"	4
"	5
"	6

For the car maker tires.

For the to them.

For this the makers

Last year tires than i together.

The sales over and o tires out.

Goodyear far outsell ence. Our tires daily.

D

This over quickly cre used these

Tens of of thousan bills were e

And las these tires cars.

Average

We don't regarding facts alone

With th service re use.

But the And statis of all ruin rim-cut.

That sav It is als cent overs

Branches

No-Rim-Cut Tires

Proved Average Oversize, 16.7%

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires are advertised as "10% oversize." And we claim that this oversize adds 25% to the tire mileage.

The actual oversize, over five leading makes, was lately found to average 16.7%. Note the table below.

**Comparison of Sizes
Between Six Leading Makes of Tires**

Rated Size	Make	Cubic Cap'ty	No-Rim-Cut Oversize	Rated Size	Make	Cubic Cap'ty	No-Rim-Cut Oversize
30 x 3	1-No. Rim-Cut	489 in.		34 x 4	1-No. Rim-Cut	858 in.	
"	2-	402 "	21.5%	"	2-	762 "	12.5%
"	3-	381 "	29.4%	"	3-	760 "	12.7%
"	4-	371 "	31.8%	"	4-	733 "	17.0%
"	5-	383 "	27.5%	"	5-	822 "	4.3%
"	6-	365 "	34.0%	"	6-	794 "	8.0%
32 x 3 1/2	1-No. Rim-Cut	637 "		36 x 4 1/2	1-No. Rim-Cut	1190 "	
"	2-	603 "	5.5%	"	2-	966 "	23.0%
"	3-	577 "	10.4%	"	3-	1064 "	11.8%
"	4-	536 "	18.6%	"	4-	1025 "	16.0%
"	5-	577 "	10.4%	"	5-	1055 "	12.6%
"	6-	546 "	16.5%	"	6-	1080 "	10.3%

Average No-Rim-Cut Oversize, 16.7%

Oversize is not measured by calipers. It is measured by air capacity. Air carries the load.

The figures here show the cubic capacities.

Only three tires in these twenty comparisons came within 10% of our size.

That's because No-Rim-Cut tires have the hookless base. Your removable rim flanges, with these tires, turn outward instead of inward. Thus the tire has an extra flare.

Oversize means over-tired. It means extra carrying capacity without overloading.

It means to save blow-outs—to increase tire mileage—to cut down tire expense.

Yet these oversize tires, which can't rim-cut, cost no more than other standard tires.

That's why they outsell all others.

Adopted This Year by 127 Leading Makers

For the year 1910, 44 leading motor car makers contracted for Goodyear tires.

For the year 1911, 64 makers came to them.

For this year we have contracts from the makers of 127 leading cars.

Last year we sold more automobile tires than in the previous 12 years put together.

The sales in late years have doubled over and over, as users have found the tires out.

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires now far outsell any other tires in existence. Our present capacity is 3,800 tires daily.

Done by Users

This overwhelming demand has been quickly created by the men who have used these tires.

Tens of thousands of users told tens of thousands of others how their tire bills were cut in two.

And last year we sold enough of these tires to completely equip 102,000 cars.

Average Saving, \$20 Per Tire

We don't intend to make over-claims regarding these patented tires. The facts alone are sufficient.

With these, as with all tires, the service rendered depends on proper use.

But these tires can't be rim-cut. And statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires have been rim-cut.

That saving is sure.

It is also a known fact that 10 per cent oversize, under average condi-

tions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

And No-Rim-Cut tires, as shown above, average more than 10 per cent oversize.

It is safe to say that these two features together, under average conditions, save \$20 per tire.

What We Control

We control by patent the only practical way to get rid of the hooked-base tire.

No-Rim-Cut tires are not hooked to the rims. So you simply reverse your removable rim flanges and let them curve outward.

That gives a resting edge which cannot cut the tire, even when run flat.

It gives an extra flare which permits the oversize.

And it doubles the ease of removing the tire when you need to.

But back of these features lies a tire perfected by 13 years of tests.

Year after year, on a tire testing machine, we have compared formulas and fabrics, methods and processes, until the Goodyear tire has been brought close to perfection.

By actually wearing out tires under every road condition, we have learned how to make the most durable tires.

Double-Thick Treads

Now these tires, if wanted, come with double-thick Non-Skid treads.

That means an extra tread of very tough rubber, vulcanized onto the regular.

This extra tread consists of deep-cut, sharp-cut blocks. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles, causing a bulldog grip.

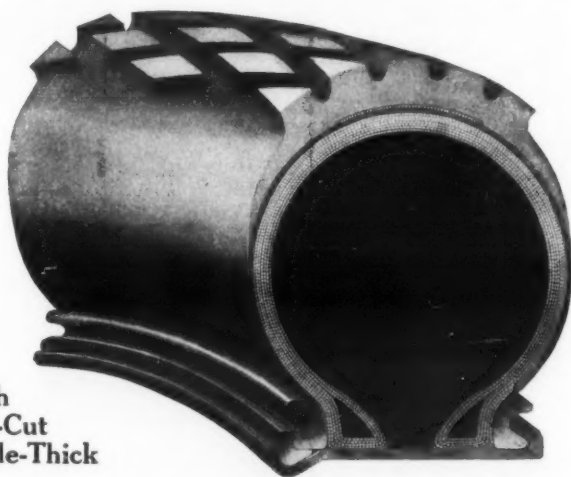
A moment's comparison with other non-skids will show the Goodyear's enormous advantage.

All of these features—each the best of its kind—are found in Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

That's why these tires now dominate the field. Every motor car owner who makes a comparison is simply bound to insist on them.

Our new Tire Book is ready. It is filled with facts, based on 13 years of tire making, which every tire user should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE NEW GOODYEAR NON-SKID TREAD



**Tough
Deep-Cut
Double-Thick**

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

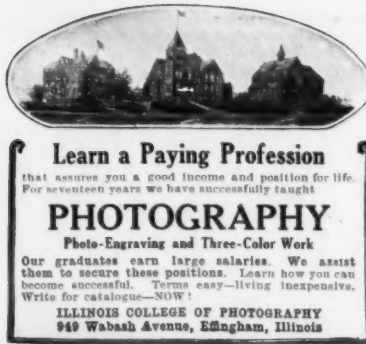
Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

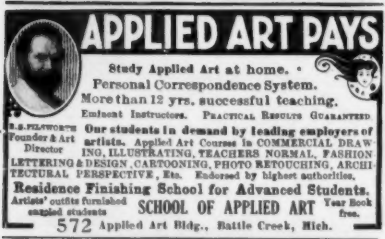
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that assures you a good income and position for life.
For seventeen years we have successfully taught

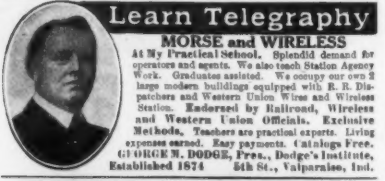
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Our graduates earn large salaries. We assist them to secure these positions. Learn how you can become successful. Terms easy—living, inexpensive. Write for catalogue—NOW!

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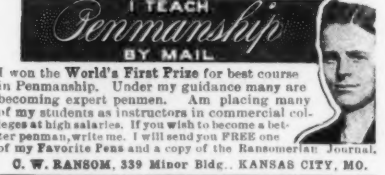


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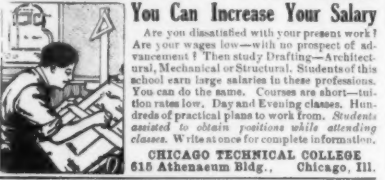
Our students in demand by leading employers of artists. Applied Art Course in COMMERCIAL DRAWING, ILLUSTRATING, TEACHERS' NORMAL, FASHION DESIGN, LETTERING, CARTOONING, PHOTO RETOUCHING, ARCHITECTURAL PERSPECTIVE, Etc. Endorsed by highest authorities. Residence Finishing School for Advanced Students. Artists' outfit furnished. **SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART** Box 572 Applied Art Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.



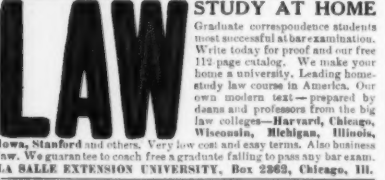
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MORSE and WIRELESS
At My Practical School. Specialized demand for operators and agents. We also teach Station Agency Work. Graduates assisted. We occupy our own 2 large modern buildings equipped with E. E. B. Dispatchers and Western Union Wires and Wireless Station. Endorsed by Railroad, Wireless and Western Union Officials. Exclusive Methods. Teachers are practical experts. Living expenses earned. Easy payments. Catalogs Free. **GEORGE H. DODGE, Pres., Dodge's Institute**, Established 1874, 548 St., Valparaiso, Ind.



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I won the World's First Prize for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance many are becoming expert penmen. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomean Journal. **O. W. RANSOME, 339 Minor Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO.**



You Can Increase Your Salary
Are you dissatisfied with your present work? Are your wages low—will you in prospect of advancement? Then study Drafting—Architectural, Mechanical or Structural. Students of this school earn large salaries in these professions. You can do the same. Courses are short—tuition rates low. Day and Evening classes. Hundreds of practical plans to work from. Students assisted to obtain positions while attending classes. Write at once for complete information. **CHICAGO TECHNICAL COLLEGE**, 618 Athenaeum Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



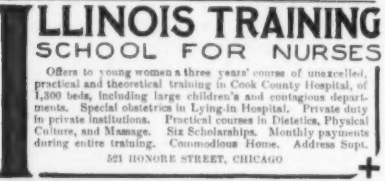
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Graduate correspondence students most successful at bar examination. Write today for proof and our free 112 page catalog. We make your home a university. Leading home-study law course in America. Our own modern text—prepared by deans and professors from the big law colleges—Harvard, Chicago, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Stanford and others. Very low cost and easy terms. Also business law. We guarantee to coach free a graduate failing to pass any bar exam. **LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY**, Box 2262, Chicago, Ill.



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or any other language learned quickly and easily by the Cortina-Phone Method at home. Write for free booklet today: easy payment plan. **CORTINA ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES**, 622 Cortina Bldg., 44 W. 24th St., N.Y.



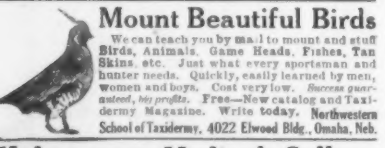
ARITHMETIC SELF-TAUGHT
A plain, easily-understood volume for all who have not had the opportunity of learning this subject thoroughly, or who have forgotten what they once learned. 297 Pages. Requires no teacher. This great little book sent postpaid for 60 CENTS. Stamps accepted, leather binding \$1. **GEO. A. ZELLER BOOK CO.**, Est. 1870, 4480 W. Belle Place, St. Louis, Mo.



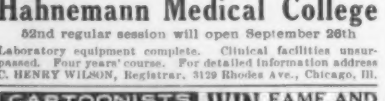
ILLINOIS TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES
Offers to young women a three years' course of unexcelled, practical and theoretical training in Cook County Hospital, of 1,200 beds, including large children's and contagious departments. Special classes in Lying-in Hospital. Private duty in private institutions. Practical courses in Dietetics, Physical Culture, and Massage. Six Scholarships. Monthly payments during entire training. Commodious Home. Address Supt. 521 HONORE STREET, CHICAGO



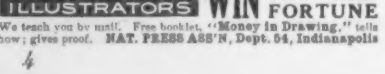
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Make your home a university. Course covering the same ground as Harvard, Michigan—other big law colleges. We guarantee to coach free, students failing to pass bar examination. Scholarships now open. Write for catalog. Complimentary Students pay only. **American Correspondence School of Law** for text and postage. Manhattan Bldg., Dept. 2362, Chicago



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We can teach you by mail to mount and stuff Birds, Animals, Game Heads, Fishes, Tan Skins, etc. Just what every sportsman and hunter needs. Quickly, easily learned by men, women and boys. Cost very low. Success guaranteed, big profits. Free—New catalog and Taxidermy Magazine. Write today. **Northwestern School of Taxidermy**, 4022 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.



Hahnemann Medical College
82nd regular session will open September 26th. Laboratory equipment complete. Clinical facilities unsurpassed. Four years' course. For detailed information address **C. HENRY WILSON, Registrar**, 3129 Rhodes Ave., Chicago, Ill.



CARTOONISTS WIN FAME AND FORTUNE
We teach you by mail. Free booklet, "Money in Drawing," tells how; gives proof. **NAT. PRESS ASS'N**, Dept. 54, Indianapolis

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 56

MUCH has been said and written regarding the wonderful growth of the automobile industry. The commercial motor vehicle is now coming into its own with great rapidity.

A writer in one of the current publications in commenting on the commercial vehicle says: "Whether the business man happens to be a producer, wholesaler, or retailer, it solves his problem of how to deliver his goods in a manner pleasing to his patrons, and at a cost which will help to reduce the overhead expense."

In many cities, large and small, the motor delivery wagon is enabling stores to broaden their field of trade and above all to deliver promptly to customers in both local and suburban districts. Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago, who use this method exclusively, advertised that they would deliver on the Saturday before Christmas every article purchased in their store that day—and they did. Without motor wagons this service would have been impossible.

In addition to its use for retail service, there is a wide use made of motor trucks in big industrial ways. And still another manner in which the public is benefited is in the splendid motor bus service in the larger cities.

It is not paying advertising an undue tribute to state that advertising has played an important part in bringing the commercial motor vehicle into general use. Even now, the advertising of this branch of the motor industry is but in its infancy; the possibilities are unlimited and the public is benefited.

T. L. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

ALCO 1912



A Daring New Berline

HERE is pictured the Alco Berline. It is the latest and newest car in America. Daring new lines, new ideas in refinement—a new conception of a motor car. Note the roof lines—the breaking away from the old, the commonplace, the stereotyped—and in their stead the original, the beautiful. Observe the Pullman ventilators in the roof. Fresh air, warmth, no drafts. Wide 25 1/2-inch doors, upholstery 10 inches deep, and a large area of room within. Steps illuminated at night—automatic by opening the door. The white stripe around the graceful body—a badge of motor individuality. These suggest the ultra in the Alco. Price \$7250. Catalog on request.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY, 1889 Broadway, New York
Builders also of Alco Motor Trucks and Alco Taxicabs
Chicago Branch: 2501 Michigan Ave. Canadian Headquarters: 596 St. Catharine St., W., Montreal
Boston Branch: 567 Boylston St.

Twice winner of the race for the Vanderbilt Cup



A Great "Queen"

Horse Story "KATE and QUEEN"

By Prof. Jesse Beery
King of Horse Trainers

Equals the famous "Black Beauty" in human interest—surpasses it in practicality. "Kate" a victim of poor handling is vividly contrasted with "Queen," who was more fortunate. You sympathize with one—rejoice with the other—even as you sigh for the slum wail and laugh with the child of fortune.

Prof. Beery has skillfully woven into this intensely interesting and true story, many valuable suggestions for handling horses—a result of a lifetime's experience.

Special Offer to Horsemen

Prof. Beery desires that every horse owner, trainer, breeder—everyone interested in horses—should read this great story. To make it possible, for a short time he offers every interested horseman a copy, worth \$1.00, for the remarkably low price of

25c Postpaid

If you have even a passing interest in horses—if you own, train or breed them, you will gather from it a fund of knowledge worth many times the small price. Send for a copy. Enclose U. S. stamps or coin.

With each book we send free a beautiful colored picture of Queen—oil painting effect—suitable for framing. Order today. Address

PROF. JESSE BEERY
Box 500 Pleasant Hill, Ohio



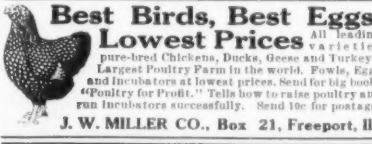
DINGEE Roses

are the best. On their own roots. Express paid under a special plan. Growing plants delivered FREE, anywhere. Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed. 61 years' experience. Write for 1912 "Dingee Guide to Rose Culture" Most reliable Rose Catalogue—106 pages. Mailed FREE. Describes and prices nearly 1,000 roses and other plants; tells how to grow them. Best flower and vegetable seeds. Estab. 1850. 70 greenhouses.

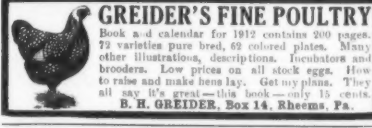
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Box 243, West Grove, Pa.



SUCCESSFUL FREE Poultry Lessons
—to Every New Customer
SEND A POSTAL. Get Gilcrest's big book FREE and show its facts about the SUCCESSFUL Poultry Lessons given to buyers of **Successful INCUBATORS** \$675 and up. Start right for biggest profits. Write to **Des Moines Incubator Co.**, 513 Second St., Des Moines, Ia.



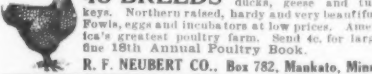
Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices
All leading pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls, Eggs and incubators at lowest prices. Send for big book, "Poultry for Profit." How to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. Send 10c for postage. **J. W. MILLER CO.**, Box 21, Freeport, Ill.



GREIDER'S FINE POULTRY
Book a calendar for 1912 contains 200 pages. 72 varieties pure bred, 62 colored plates. Many other illustrations, descriptions, questions and answers. Low prices on all stock eggs. How to raise and make hens lay. Get my plans. They all say it's great—this book—only 15 cents. **E. H. GREIDER**, Box 14, Rheims, Pa.



125-Egg Incubator and Brooder
Freight Paid of Both for \$10
Hot water; double walls; copper tank—best construction. Write for Free Catalog. **WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO.**, Box 112, Racine, Wis.



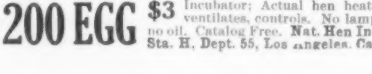
48 BREEDS
Fine pure bred chickens, keys. Northern raised, hardy and very beautiful. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. America's greatest poultry farm. Send 4c for large One 18th Annual Poultry Book. **R. F. NEUBERT CO.**, Box 782, Mankato, Minn.



PEARL GRIT BEST "HEN TEETH"
Hard, sharp and white. Secures right digestion, good health, heavy laying. Supplies colors for plumage and minerals for feathers and bone. The standard with up-to-date poultrymen. Booklet. **OHIO MARBLE CO.**, 731 S. Cleveland St., Piqua, O.



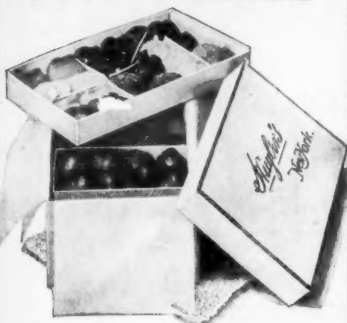
Foy's Big Book MONEY IN POULTRY AND SQUABS
Tells how to start small and grow big. Describes world's largest pure-bred poultry farm and gives a great mass of useful poultry information. Low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators. Mailed 4c. **F. FOY**, BOX 24, DES MOINES, IA.



200 EGG \$3
Incubator: Actual hen heats, ventilators, controls. No lamp, no oil. Catalog Free. **Nat. Hen Inc.** Sta. H, Dept. 55, Los Angeles, Cal.

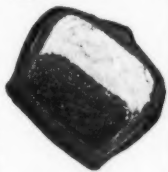
Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates



This is Huyler's "Chocolate Marshmallow Genesee"

A layer of marshmallow and a layer of the best fudge you ever tasted—made from sweet cream, butter, vanilla and chocolate—the whole being dipped in smooth, sweet chocolate. This is one of the forty or more delicious varieties regularly included in an assortment of Huyler's.



Every individual piece of Huyler's is the result of the utmost attention given to quality and deliciousness. That is why they taste so good and why everybody likes Huyler's.

Write for Interesting Booklet

which tells the interesting story of Huyler's, and gives a list of many of the Huyler popular confections and tells how quality and purity are assured in all Huyler products.

Huyler's 64 Irving Place
New York City

SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE

A little goes a long way

Used as a flavoring like
lemon and vanilla

MAPLEINE

(The flavor de luxe)

goes a long way.

In Cake Filling, one-half

a teaspoonful is enough

for every cup of sugar.

For Cake Frosting, a tea-

spoonful is enough for

every cup of sugar.

For Jelly, a teaspoonful

is enough for half a box

of gelatin.

For Ice Cream, a tea-

spoonful is enough for

every quart of cream.

For Mapleine Syrup, half

a teaspoonful is enough

to flavor one quart of

white sugar syrup.

Grocers sell Mapleine, 35c

for Two Ounce Bottle.

(In Canada 50c)

There are substitutes for

Mapleine—Try them.

If your Grocer does not sell

Mapleine, write Dept. E9.

CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, Wash.

Send for Cook Book, free



A Happy Marriage

Every man and woman, particularly those entered upon matrimony, should possess the new and valuable book by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., which sensibly treats of the sexual relations of both sexes, and, as well, how and when to advise son or daughter.

Unequalled endorsement of the press, ministry, legal and medical professions.

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- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in One Volume, Illustrated, \$2. Postpaid

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

PURITAN PUB. CO., 774 Ferry Bldg., PHILA., PA.

Collier's, The National Weekly

Saturday, February 3, 1912

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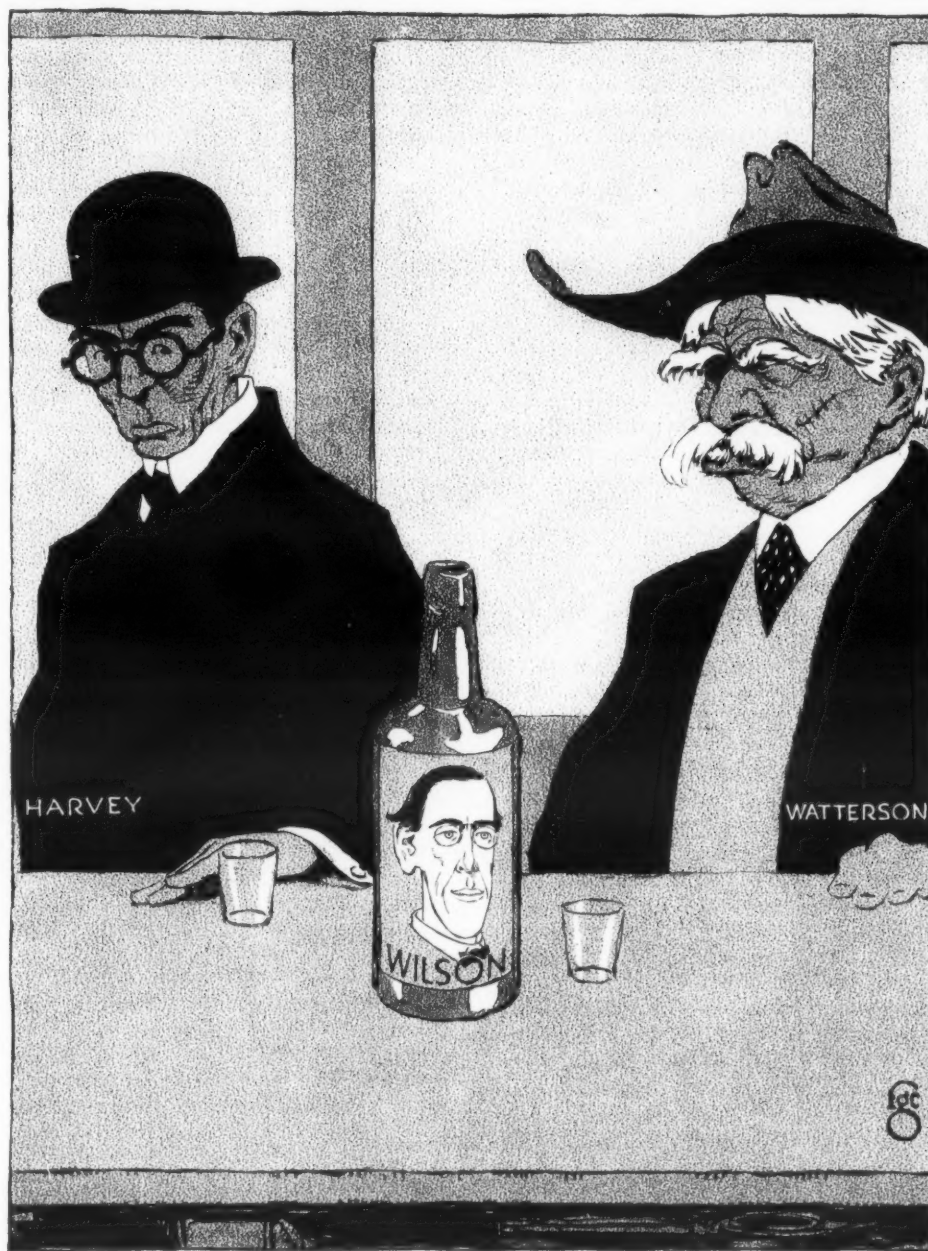
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Collier's

The National Weekly



February 3, 1912



DRAWN BY F. G. COOPER

That's All!



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Wilson Situation

THERE IS A STEADINESS of purpose which is strength, and there is an immovability of literalness which is death. "A foolish consistency," as EMERSON said, "is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines."

The man who says he never changes is either fossilized or mistaken. What change has taken place in Governor WILSON indicates, in our opinion, merely the ability to recognize facts. The application of his intellect to conditions has destroyed the confidence of those who wish to maintain the established order. Nothing more astounding has happened recently than the way that the Carnegie pension matter was handled against him. We should like to ask publicly, merely for information, whether NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER was the one who gave out that story. If not, we shall be glad to try again. The story not only made political use of private information, but practically served notice on all instructors of youth everywhere. His change on the initiative and referendum has been shared by many open-minded observers. He believed that all government devices should be organic—should be the result of face-to-face discussion—and WILLIAM U'REN reminded him that deliberation in our legislative committees had become fictitious, while in Oregon it had been possible to produce a satisfactory amount of debate and consideration among the voters. As to the Joline letter, it is another example of plutocratic use of a natural event. At that time he was expressing, casually and privately, the belief that Mr. BRYAN was too fertile in creating issues. He realized then, and perhaps realizes even more now, the immense value to the country of Mr. BRYAN's uncompromising honesty and spiritual devotion. In the controversy with Senator SMITH, Mr. WILSON refused to promise anything in return for SMITH's acceptance of him as a candidate. As to the break with Colonel HARVEY, Governor WILSON has never charged that Mr. RYAN or Mr. MORGAN had any influence whatever on Colonel HARVEY, but when he was asked whether the Colonel's support was hurting him or not he answered in the affirmative. That is a fact, and the rest about coldness and ingratitude is rhetoric. The development of Governor WILSON in the arena of actual contemporary conflict grew out of his experiences at Princeton. He learned that the university was to a large extent a rich man's club. It is located about halfway between Broad Street and Wall Street. Its Board of Trustees contain some very fine men, but a majority of one on critical measures voted for what the Governor deemed special privilege. His struggle to make the university more democratic led President WILSON to a sharper realization of the forces that control so much of life. He passed on to the seat of power in New Jersey, and the struggle with the machine there brought out the same principles. He sees his former friends of the wealthy class turning one by one against him, and using their adroitness to misinterpret his every act. The Republicans have a number of strong possible candidates. Mr. HUGHES has made a statement so definite that it probably will stop all consideration of his name, in spite of the fact that he would make a tremendously strong run and a sound and powerful President. Colonel ROOSEVELT and Senator LA FOLLETTE have behind them long records of tested courage, wisdom, and usefulness. Senator CUMMINS is an able man, and there are other Republicans who might be successful dark horses. In the Democratic party the situation is altogether different. There the whole fight is centered on Governor WILSON. He is the one candidate of whom the special interests are afraid, because they think he may be both nominated and elected. What they may later do among the other candidates is uncertain. Their first business is to kill WILSON.

The Minimum Wage

ONE OF THE SUBJECTS on which our so-called mind has changed is the minimum wage. Time was when we believed all that Professor CAIRNES, JOHN STUART MILL, COBDEN, or any member of the Manchester school said about the adequacy of unrestricted competition to make of this the best of all possible worlds. That happy dream is gone. Now the minimum wage seems to us a part of progress toward real civilization. Massachusetts is doing her-

self credit in taking active steps toward establishing this safeguard. The report of her commission is intelligent, moderate, clear, and well informed. Information was gathered covering 13,845 female wage earners engaged in four different occupations in the Commonwealth. Forty-one per cent of the candy workers, about ten per cent of the saleswomen, about sixteen per cent of the laundry workers, and twenty-three per cent of the cotton workers earned less than \$5 a week. Some candy factories pay the lowest possible wages, and others much better wages, although they make the same grade of candy. The difference is caused either by inefficient management or unusual profits. Victoria, in Australia, recognized such facts and acted upon them in 1896, and Great Britain followed a little over a year ago. When workers are driven down below any proper standard of living, the cost is paid in some way. The proposed legislation is not an attempt to provide by government that low-paid workers shall receive more than they earn. The purpose is to check the clearly ascertained tendency of wages to become much less than actual earnings. The proposed legislation will protect conscientious employers from the undesirable competition of others who rely on oppression of their working forces for their profit instead of upon enlightenment and efficiency in themselves.

WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY, Professor of Economics in Harvard University, has studied the experience of Victoria and England, and thoroughly approves of the Massachusetts step, as do Professors CARVER, TAUSSIG, and HOLCOMBE of the same department. Much of the most valuable encouragement comes from business men. Mr. A. LINCOLN FILENE, for instance, makes the illuminating remark that a low wage is quite as likely to be the cause as the result of industrial incompetency. RALPH ALBERTSON, the business manager of Butler's in Boston, declares that a minimum wage would be a benefit to the business, and Mr. BUTLER himself says that the result would be an increase in efficiency and in productiveness.

Parents

YOUTH HAS ITS ADVANTAGES, but so has age, although these latter are not so easily understood. Color and passion should fade not into dullness, but into pictures as lovely as those of twilight or the star-set night. Age should be the time when

with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

In the greatest, perhaps, of all English meditative poems are celebrated these gains: the mind to hear the still, sad music of humanity, with its power to chasten and subdue; the presence that disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts; the

sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.

Parents, if they are fortunate in their children and in themselves, combine the advantages of maturity with those that have gone. They know again, with love, but without storm, the interests of all the human stages. They live in toys, in romance, in ambition, but with selfishness purged away, with hopes purified, with hearts that seek for the young only such experiences as shall lend value and beauty to them always.

Modern Architecture

COMMENTING ON THE VIEWS expressed in these pages recently, a progressive American architect says he entirely shares our admiration of the Marshall Field wholesale building in Chicago, which he calls one of the noblest architectural works of modern times, but he thinks the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York is the antithesis architecturally of the Chicago building. "The one is real, the other a colossal but splendid sham." This architect speaks not only for himself but for an important group of which he is a leading member. Originality is of secondary consideration. In originality, except as defined by GOETHE and quoted in our preceding editorial, they have no interest. The porch of Trinity Church in Boston may stand as an illustration of what they object to, it seeming to them a literal and rather unsym-

pathetic copy with the an claim that as McKIM thinking for them. Per together in skeleton an are referring who are d tecture w to promise.

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pathetic copy of a Romanesque porch in southern France. Familiarity with the architecture of the past they thoroughly approve, but they claim that no such real intimacy is given by our schools. In so far as McKIM and WHITE have helped to develop an orderly method of thinking for the technique of planning, this new school appreciates them. Perhaps the sentence, "If conditions bring masonry and steel together in a structure, they can work joyously and in harmony as skeleton and covering," sums up the faith of the men to whom we are referring; men of sound training, as well as thorough individuality, who are doing much to give to America that leading position in architecture which the unexampled volume of her building operations ought to promise.

Planning Cities

SEATTLE VOTES next month on whether she will accept the plan for development drawn up by a commission appointed to make for that city a general scheme such as San Francisco hoped to have after the fire, and such as some of our cities already have. It is the tendency of the time, and the natural result of enlightenment, but always there is the opposition of personal interests and real estate interests which may suffer from any proposed plan. Those who have something to lose are always more energetic than those who consider the general advantage and future beauty of the city, and hence the difficulty, under democratic government, of showing municipal intelligence equal to what has been shown in other countries. Seattle voted that the commission should be appointed, and a stimulating example will be given to other cities if she now votes that the plan shall be accepted.

Questions That Go Deep

THE PIONEERS of the Imperial Valley in southern California know pretty well the significance of the phrase "up against the real thing." They have made a rich farming country out of nothing if any pioneers ever did, and they have had about all the difficulties and discouragements in the calendar. They went down into a desert below sea level and were mismanaged, baked, sand-swept, and every now and then flooded by the crazy Colorado. It is interesting to read, therefore, in the Imperial Valley "Press" that "the entire population of the valley has formed into a compact, legal, progressive entity to act officially for the people with all the authority vested in the supervisors of a county" for the purpose of seeing to it that the entire 365,000 acres in the Imperial irrigation district is irrigated as soon as possible. The scheme involves many difficulties of adjustment with companies already in the field, but the "Press" thinks that these will be met satisfactorily. "Only the city of the dead," it says, "is without problems. The fact that the community has problems and is solving them is the best possible recommendation of that people and of the interests they represent." The experience which has brought the Imperial Valley people together has made them a little impatient of the more artificial uses to which some of their neighbors put land. "Real estate to Los Angeles and San Diego," says the "Press," "is what corn and cotton are to exchange brokers. If those cities should look on real estate as the basis of productiveness, vast good could be accomplished. But the Coast cities are given to sitting on the safety valve of industry—cheap land. They do not bend their energy in building empire, preferring to build bungalows." These remarks were suggested by reports from Chicago that 150,000 persons were out of employment, and by a story in a Los Angeles paper of a young married man who had been trying for a year and a half to find a job.

Missouri's Anthem

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS was paid some months ago for a State song for Missouri. No music has been found that fits the poem, and nobody seems to want to sing it. In the meanwhile there had drifted down from the Ozarks a song that has caught the fancy of the Missourians and they are making it a feature of banquets and reunions. The mountaineer musicians have been humming it at country dances for years, and you can almost hear the tap of the fiddler's foot as he drones it along with "swing-yer-pardners," "gran-right-an-left." The first verse is:

Every time I come to town
The boys keep a-kickin' my dog aroun';
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
They gotta quit kickin' my dog aroun'.

The second, third, and fourth verses are the same as the first. The tempo is dogtroterino, and the singer is supposed to have a pack of hounds to howl on the first note. This Ozark anthem may not possess the qualities of "Maryland, My Maryland" as an expression of a commonwealth's pride, but it has attributes that make it popular in Missouri, and it may go further.

A Kansas Job

THE MISSOURI KANSAS CITY is so important that the city with the same name across the river often seems slighted in the news. We therefore arise to observe that, apparently, the duties of a Kansas City, Kansas, policeman are light and salutary. So long as he keeps the "joint" and the "dive" suppressed, he need not feel anything pressing on the top of his head but the weight of his helmet. He can keep in good condition by taking long strolls in the salubrious Kaw Valley air: the packing-house odors sometimes are pungent, but nobody will deny that they may at the same time be bracing. A little while

back the police department became mindful of the fact that it now is watching over a population of nearly ninety thousand, and resolved to become more truly metropolitan by publishing a daily police bulletin. Before the paper had attained the age of one week it temporarily suspended publication, and the editor confessed to his associates at rolleall that in twenty-four hours he had not found an item of news to print. No battles, no property stolen, no husbands aggressively treated, not even a child lost or a calf strayed. There are anxious minds that like to be assured that the world is growing better. They should regard this news as a beautiful thought; and yet it is not so beautiful as one which the Wyandotte County Board of Commissioners expressed after a convicted train robber and five companions escaped from the Kansas City, Kansas, jail. The sheriff got wrought up about the incident and asked the Commissioners to offer a reward for the return of the fugitives. "No," answered the Commissioners, "the county is better off without those men. Besides, none of them will ever come back now to bother us. They will go to live in some other State." Although a Wyandotte or Armourdale policeman's duties are light, his job is not without honor. The Mayor himself, Commissioner JAMES E. PORTER, was a policeman twenty-five years ago; and now boasts that he had to "swing his club" only once in sixteen years. That is the kind of record that London policemen are proud of.

More Slang

A SUBJECT DISCUSSED by us frequently, the chance that slang has of entering into the language, seems to interest our readers. One of them points out a change that has taken place since 1901. At that time the following remarks on a show by that pair of artists who have just come together again, WEBER and FIELDS, was made by a dramatic critic:

We have in this lobster joke, very funny at the time, an absolute dependence on the double meaning furnished by slang. One of the most successful "gags" of 1900 was this:

First Chorus Girl—I got a pearl out of an oyster at Shanley's.

Second Chorus Girl—That's nothing; I got a whole diamond necklace out of a lobster.

Such fun, depending on the complicated and nicely felt meaning of lobster, must be unintelligible in a few years.

This prophecy, measured by the ten years that have passed, was a bad one. Instead of being unintelligible, the word "lobster" is in more general use than it was at the time. Ten years ago it usually had to be carefully explained. Now nearly everybody takes it for granted. By the way, one of our recent illustrations was "high-brow." According to our own reading of history, that word was first put before the public by Mr. WILL IRWIN in 1905. Already it is almost classic English.

"Sumurun"

GERMANY CAN TEACH US more about the drama than we can soon learn. Sometimes it seems as if Americans might never reach the level of appreciation that is needed to create the best stage standards. REINHARDT, in all probability the most brilliant of living producers, must wonder what this country is like if he reads some of the New York notices of "Sumurun." To critic after critic the dominating question was one of propriety, ANTHONY COMSTOCK, and police judgment. Anybody can gabble about just what percentage of love candor there ought to be in an Oriental picture; but to describe acting that could by no conceivability be accomplished by an American troupe, and stage effects that might delight the subtlest of painters, requires a somewhat abler pen. Our next largest city has an advantage in this respect of seriously considered comment on the drama, and the prediction is hereby ventured that when "Sumurun" goes to Chicago more of an attempt will be made to suggest in the newspapers the graphic and plastic qualities of the acting, the profoundly studied spacing and emphasis, the delicate and perfectly judged appeal to the eye. The total effect is one made up of elements as intricately and carefully mingled as in a master painter's canvas. It is small wonder, perhaps, that the backers of the New Theatre grew discouraged, since working forward without the comprehending support of press and public is a task that requires much heart. Let us not forget, nevertheless, that however far behind Germany it may be in understanding of the theatre, the American public is noticeably ahead of where it was a dozen years ago; and in this world we must be satisfied if "each to-morrow finds us farther than to-day."

Criticism by Arrest

THE GOD-GIVEN RIGHT of the human race to disport itself in sanity is not to be denied under any form of government. If man makes the angels weep, the angels do not interfere with his fantastic tricks. In the line of solemn farce, the arrest of actors in Philadelphia for appearing in "The Playboy of the Western World" comes near to being, from any intelligent point of view, so preposterous as to be beyond the reach of adjectives. Next translations of MOLIÈRE will lead to imprisonment for their slanders on French character. "Macbeth" is a libel not only against Scotland but against the goodness of mankind. Why should we allow our own American business men to be assaulted and the resisting power of our women impugned in "The Easiest Way," or our statesmen blackened in "The Boss," or social sincerity doubted in "The Faun"? Let our really degraded theatres, of which there are hundreds, go as at present undisturbed, but let us punish with hanging serious portraiture of the foibles of our species.



A Dramatic Moment in the Lawrence Strike—Militia Repulsing Strikers

Mill workers of Lawrence, Massachusetts, striking for the two hours' pay they contend they lose under the readjustment following the enforcement of the fifty-four hour a week law, closed several of the mills of the American Woolen Company. The militia was called out to aid the police, and serious clashes with the strikers were threatened repeatedly.



The Illumination of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Honor of Cardinal Farley

The spectacular feature of the welcome given Cardinal Farley on his return to New York City on January 17 was the illumination of beautiful St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street. With the coming of night the outline of the steeped church blazed forth in myriad lights. Vast crowds were attracted by the unusual sight.

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Duff "laying for" the Duke of Connaught

The Swashbucklers of the Camera

By WILL IRWIN

BY WAY of introducing the symposium that night in Mouquin's Restaurant, under the skyscrapers of Lower Manhattan, I must explain a little. You, the reader, have often noticed in the corner of the news photographs such legends as: "By Underwood and Underwood," "By the Pictorial News Co.," "By Paul Thompson," "By the American Press Association," "By Brown Brothers," "By George Grantham Bain." You have never perceived, I suppose, as I never perceived until a little time ago, that under these captions lies the liveliest modern romance of journalism—a struggle like that between the star reporters in the days when facts, not the writing of facts, dominated the news, and when a "beat" really meant something.

The ordinary news photographer of the individual newspaper has in his life rough-and-ready romance to spare. He must be a cow for nerves and a thoroughbred horse for nerve. He must be indifferent to danger, and absolutely thick-skinned to rebuff. He must be able to overcome any obstacle that he may get close to the event; and he must retain enough self-poise after long runs, frantic climbing of fences, struggles with policemen, persuasion of reluctant victims, to ply with certainty one of the most delicate and complicated trades known to modern life. A nuisance to public meetings, a thorn in the flesh of "society," a delight to a gaping and eager public, and the blessing or bane of the city desk, according to whether or no he "comes through with the copy"—that is the news photographer in his daily routine.

Now give that he handles a difficult story, not every week but every day, that he works under conditions of cutthroat competition wherein every man's hand is against every other man's, and a minute's delay in result means the difference between success and failure—and you have the combination of reporter, craftsman, swashbuckler, and adventurer which is the twenty-five-dollar-a-week operator for these photographic agencies.

A Gathering of Enthusiasts

THAT also requires explanation. The business of the agencies is to furnish news photographs to the dailies and periodicals, not only in New York but all over the country. They have their "connections" in the smaller American cities and abroad; but to news events which happen within a possible radius of New York—and half the big general news comes from that area—they send their own photographers. Although the New York newspapers have special operators, they are always willing to buy from the agencies any goods of superior merit—and of prompt delivery. To get such photographs and to land them ahead of the other fellow is the constant aim, the night-and-day struggle, of the photographic agencies. It is a new business; doubtless it will settle down, as news reporting has done, into more or less humdrum days; but to-day it proceeds with the enthusiasm of youth.

They met me in Mouquin's—Duff the Irish-American, Haas the German-American, Mountfortt and Fasold, plain Americans. It was the second night after the great Equitable fire in lower Broadway; the dull gleam from the ruins was still giving an unaccustomed depth to the street lights outside. In nearly forty hours they had slept only by snatches; but they were all in the blessed, resistant twenties, when sleep is not a necessity. They had lived and recorded marvels and horrors. They had seen a human body, trapped behind the bars of a safe-deposit vault, become with the freezing of the firemen's streams first a frozen pillar, then a bed of ice; finally they had seen the two white, clutching hands, which alone showed that the thing had been a man, disappear altogether. They had witnessed the shiver and flurry among the firemen as a ceiling fell, burying Battalion Chief Walsh; they had seen the spot where Walsh lay become a

sarcophagus of ice. They had beheld certain captains of American finance, dressed like navvies, working like longshoremen, digging millions in cash and securities from the vaults. And all this they had recorded, working nearer than the reporters needed or dared to the focus of action, troubled not by the officious policemen nor yet the cautious guards, but only by the smoke, which, when it blows across a lens, fogs a photograph completely. That very day Mountfortt had eluded all the guards and climbed over glaciers to the fifth floor that he might photograph the ruins from every light and angle. That very day Fasold had gone to the twentieth story of a skyscraper to photograph the scene from above. He had found that he could not get a proper "field" for his view from that point, so he had leaned far out of the window with two men holding him by the legs, and craned about until he got results. Duff laughed as he sat down. "I had time to change my clothes anyhow," he said. "The fireman got me with a stream this morning. Gee! My overcoat was like a hoopskirt, and when I sat down in the Subway it cracked like I was the latest evening extra!"

The Photograph of the Gaynor shooting

LET me omit the preliminaries; how we traveled to reminiscence does not matter. But when the cocktails were gone and the soup was on, some one mentioned the greatest feat in the annals of recent news photography—the snapping of Mayor Gaynor at the very moment when Gallagher, the assassin, shot him. Whereupon the slim, young Mr. Mountfortt looked self-conscious, and Duff grinned.

"Got it because he was late," remarked Duff.

"I wasn't late on the job," protested Mountfortt, clearing himself; "the boss did that. The ship was full up of celebrities, and the American Press Association wanted 'em all for stock photographs. I was hiking around, getting some society dame or other to pose, when I looked over the rail and saw that the boys were leaving. I jumped down to the deck, caught the Mayor and asked him to stand for one picture more. Just then up comes Warnicke of the 'World'—he was late, too. He stood on the other side of Gaynor. I wanted to change the pose a little. I put my camera down by my feet and took hold of the Mayor. Right there I noticed an old fellow in the crowd pull out a revolver and cock it. There'd been a lot of confusion—everybody cheering for the Mayor and saying good-by. It crossed my mind that this was a plain-clothes man getting ready to fire a salute. I stepped back to my box. I still had my eyes on the revolver, waiting for it to go off, the way you will when a man's about to shoot. But instead of aiming in the air, he pointed it straight at Gaynor and fired. I grabbed for my camera. The plate cover was off. I focused. The Mayor was staggering, with his hands up to his head. I waited until he turned around so I could get his face, and snapped. The 'World' man had his camera on Gaynor when the shot was fired. He pressed the button just by instinct, so he caught it a second before I did. As soon as my shutter fell, I hiked for the bridge. I reversed my plate-holder as I ran, and

I was in time to catch Big Bill Edwards stretched out all over Gallagher, holding him down."

"I got that too if I wasn't late," put in Haas. "I was working for Paul Thompson. I always save one plate, no matter how short I am, in case something should happen on the way back. I was on the gang-plank, going home, when I heard the shot. I got to the bridge just back of Mountt and caught Edwards holding Gallagher down."

"You got a lot more that day," remarked Duff dryly. Because everyone else laughed, I perceived that I had tapped an old trade joke.

"I did," replied Haas, "and I had the intelligence to see it, which wouldn't be true of the Irish. It happened just like this. I was out of plates, and I'd no further chance to photograph Gallagher. But after they handcuffed him, I had a good look at his face. I went back to the office before lunch and started to develop. When my plates cleared I saw I had caught Gallagher on three of the negatives which I'd taken before the shooting. I rushed out and told the boss. 'That for the A. P. A.,' says I; 'here's the assassin on his trail!' For a fact, in one of them you could see Gallagher sneaking after the Mayor. The boss went up in the air. We made dozens of prints. We shot 'em by special delivery to Boston and Philadelphia and Baltimore, and we sold one to every newspaper in town."

"You went to the 'World' last," interposed Duff. Everyone laughed again.

"We did," said Haas. "And they identified the assassin at once. My Gallagher was a 'World' reporter who was following Gaynor to get an interview. He looked enough like Gallagher to be his brother. I spent the rest of that day notifying the New York papers to kill that picture, and the boss wore out the telegraph wires warning Boston and Philadelphia."

"I suppose," I said, "that picture was about the most valuable news photograph you fellows ever took?"

"I dunno," said Mountfortt. "Your Helen Gould snapshot did about as well as any, didn't it, Duff?"

"I guess so," said Duff with modesty. "It sold pretty fair."

"Why Helen Gould especially?"

"Because she wouldn't stand for photographs, and her servants were trained to the job," said Duff. "For years and years the papers had been getting along with one little old-fashioned gallery picture. Everybody had tried to snap her on the streets. Sometimes the butler called a cop and got you arrested. Then the cop shook you up and took you around the corner and turned you loose. Sometimes the servants held things up in front of her. I've seen her go to her carriage on a dry day with an open umbrella on each side. How I got it ain't much. She was late to church, and I was taking spring styles on the avenue. I hadn't been thinking of Helen Gould at all until I saw her carriage standing by her door. I sneaked into the basement entrance beside the front steps. The footman didn't see me. I guess it was because she was late, and all the servants were so worried they forgot about cameras. I focused at fifteen feet and waited. When those swell people leave the front door

the footman opens the carriage door at the same time. That's your cue. It's a great little thing to know. So when she crossed the sidewalk in a hurry I stepped out fifteen feet away and let it go on a guess focus. Those focal plane shutters on the big reflex boxes make an awful buzz. She jumped and said, 'The idea!' and complained to a traffic-squad policeman. Of course he pinched me, but I got her again while they were talking. That was only luck."

"You can photograph anybody outside of a jail," said Haas, "or else nobody would ever get J. Pierpont Morgan."

This loosed a flood of reminiscence. There was the time when Morgan,



Fasold's Narrow Squeeze

Just as he snapped the shutter on this photograph of the police firing line in the Philadelphia riots, a bolt sheared through his hat, but his good right camera hand did not falter



At the Twenty-Fifth Story

The operators of Brown Brothers were among the first to take views from the skeletons of uncompleted skyscrapers

seeing that he had been "took," assaulted a newspaper photographer with a cane—and George Grantham Bain's man photographed him in the act. There was the time when the employees at the White Star docks had all the "bunch" arrested; they were released, of course, as soon as Morgan was safe aboard. There was the time when the Chief of Police at Newark, under advice from Morgan, who had come to Newark for a funeral, put the photographers in jail, with cards and checkers to amuse them, until the great man left town. This stands as one of those rare cases of photographic arrest where the misdemeanants were really locked up. "The police are pretty good fellows about that," remarked Mountfortt.

"The Pinkertons ain't, though," put in Duff. "They stick their fingers into your eyes. But there's no policeman or Pinkerton I can't get round if you give me time. The worst trick ever done to me was by a Harvard graduating class. J. Pierpont got a Harvard LL.D. degree two or three years ago. He led the procession to the theatre. The graduating class lined up, in those black gowns they wear, on both sides of the entrance, to let the head of the procession pass in between. We were right behind the line, figuring to break through when the time came—people are always too surprised to stop you right away. But just then some fresh guy went along the line, whispering. The graduates closed up and spread out the skirts of them big, black gowns, and nothing was doing. There are a lot of lamp-posts by the door, and we went for them. Somebody beat me to the one I was aiming at, but a Boston 'Traveler' man shinned right up his post and had his arms and his camera over the crossbar when a cop grabbed him by the legs. He kicked out and knocked the cop down. On a guess focus he made a pretty good snapshot before the cop caught him again. Didn't do 'em any good either. We snapped J. Pierpont when he was coming out of the theatre beside the president of Harvard, and the president of Harvard said: 'Ain't it shameful?'"

"Just like that," put in Haas dryly.

"Huh!" said Duff, "Haas don't like Harvard either since they ruined complete the best thing he did."

"I do not," replied Haas with emphasis. "I took a panoramic camera up to New London to photograph the Yale-Harvard boat race. I swept the river once when the boats showed up and once when they were so close under me that you could see the faces plain. Then I climbed onto the platform of a crowded express train that didn't stop short of New Haven. Just after we started, a lot of the Harvards came out on the platform cutting up because they'd licked the Yales. They bumped into my camera—with the film in it—and knocked it off into the landscape. I dropped off at New Haven, wired the office there was nothing doing, and took a train back to where I thought it fell. I spent all night and all morning looking for it, but I haven't found it yet. I bet," Haas added with bitterness, "some granger is using it right now for a bait box. Bet he thought the film was an eel."

The Crippen Case

THE talk drifted then, not to successes but failures. And Mountfortt reverted to that first cub assignment which everyone who deals with the press cherishes always in romantic memory.

"The first one, really, was when I went along with Duff to snapshot a judge—I've forgotten who now—Duff came out from behind the corner and caught him. 'Good morning, Judge,' says Duff when the Judge saw what he'd done. 'Thirty days,' says the Judge and passed on. After that the A. P. A. sent me to Canada for a picture of Crippen. You know—that London murderer that they hung last year. He was aboard the steamer *Montrose* with this Ethel Le Neve. She was disguised as a boy. Inspector Dew had come over on a fast steamer to pinch 'em when they landed. He's a Scotland Yard man, and I guess over in London the cops don't know anything about photographers. Anyway, he wouldn't promise to let me snap Crippen and he wouldn't be snapped himself. The day the *Montrose* landed, Dew started out on his launch alone. The reporters and I followed in another launch. We all walked aboard after Dew. The reporters stopped to let him go into the cabin and make the arrest alone. I waited my chance and fol-

lowed after him, as if I belonged there. There were some cleats, kind of, in the wall beside the door of Crippen's cabin. I climbed up on them and looked over the transom. I saw Dew just slipping the handcuffs and braces on Crippen's hands and feet. I saw him jerk open the collar of the Le Neve girl's shirt to prove she wasn't a boy but a woman. Then he handcuffed her. She didn't take on or anything—just looked white and still. He took her away and left Crippen alone. They passed right under me and never saw me. When I looked back again, Crippen was sitting like he was frozen—his eyes just popped out of his head. Well, of course, it was an interior, and I couldn't get a snapshot—that light needed at least fifteen seconds' exposure. But I figured that he wasn't going to move much, he was so scared. I decided to focus on a guess, kick open the door, and give him fifteen seconds on the chance he would keep still. I started it as I planned, but the instant my finger touched the button to let go I was jerked back so hard I nearly broke my back. It was Dew. He never stopped shaking me until he fired me out on deck. If I'd thought of the scheme twenty seconds sooner I'd have had some photograph! I waited around two days for a chance. Finally I climbed onto the jail wall and made a snapshot of Crippen as Dew was taking him into court. I wanted to develop it. You see, you have to develop Canadian photographs or smuggle them—"

That last statement needs some explanation lest I accuse my brother of crime. When the light strikes an undeveloped negative, it is no longer a photograph, but a useless piece of glass or gelatin. Of course, there is a customs inspection at the border, and a really thorough inspector is likely to open these suspicious-looking boxes to find whether they hold jewels or opium. So photographers have been known to smuggle undeveloped negatives from Canada to the United States—a pardonable crime, since photographs enter duty free.

"The first train back to New York was next morning," pursued Mountfortt. "Of course, there wasn't a dark room in Father's Point. There's where you're always up against it on the road—making dark rooms to develop or to change plates. I've used a hotel bathroom twenty times, and a hotel closet with my coat stuffed into the cracks—"

"I crawled into the ice box of a Pullman dining car once," said Fasold, "and when Taft was inaugurated we made a dark room in the baggage car of a through Pennsylvania train."

"This time," pursued Mountfortt, "I fixed up the little closet in the telegraph office where they stored their papers. I'd brought developer and hypo and trays in my suit case. But you have to dry a negative before you can print or handle it; and when you're doing that at night you need an electric fan. Of course, there wasn't any. I sat up all night fanning it with a palm leaf and a towel. Along when morning came and I let in the daylight, I got an awful scare. The place was full of dust; I'd been stirring it up with my fan, and a coat of it had settled on the wet negative. I thought everything was ruined for sure. I felt just rotten. But I kept on a-fanning, and when I had it dry, along about eight o'clock, I blew on it. The dust came off as clean and neat as anything. I was pretty green then. I didn't know that dust won't stick to a negative! My photograph was all right—a little fuzzy, but the first real picture of Crippen."

"I had my bumps in Canada, too," said Fasold. He is a quiet, lean, pale-faced young American, with a roving eye which misses nothing. Accompanying that physical type goes usually nerve absolute; and Fasold is bred true to type. He was probably the first American to take a photograph from an aeroplane, and one of the first to picture the bridgeman at work on the upper stories of uncompleted skyscrapers—Brown Brothers, I believe, were the pioneers in this regard. Concerning which, an employer of these photographers had spoken to me a day or two before. "You know," he said, "that the regular bridgemen have to get used to the height. They begin at the second story and work up with the building. When they reach the twentieth or thirtieth story they're acclimated. But these little tykes of photographers just hook a leg into a sling and breeze right up to the top without a tremble. There's something about photography which makes you forget everything but the picture."

While we are on the subject of Fasold, I mention that his narrowest escape occurred not in an aeroplane, nor yet on the steel frame of a skyscraper, but on the solid earth. During the Philadelphia riots the police had a brush with a crowd of strike breakers who attacked them with bolts and nuts from the third and fourth stories of a factory. The police opened fire on the windows. Fasold saw the beginning of the skirmish, ran up beside the police line, got his composition, focused, and snapped. In that very moment an inch bolt, thrown from the third story, sheared like a knife through his derby hat and took a piece of his scalp. Had it struck him fairly on the head it would have been as effectual as a bullet.

However, Fasold is talking:

"Underwood & Underwood sent me to Canada when the Duke of Connaught was inaugurated Governor-General. Of course, I was supposed to get a group of the Duke and

Duchess. Nobody had heard of such a thing in Canada. They wouldn't listen to any proposition. You see, people up there are pretty well tamed. They never think of doing anything that's against regulations. I figured awhile, and one day I walked right aboard their yacht just as though I had business there. I knocked at the door of the royal cabin. Somebody said: 'Come in.' There were the Duke and Duchess sitting talking. I said: 'Duke, I'm an American photographer and I've come all the way from New York to take a photograph of you. The people of the United States would appreciate seeing how you look.' He was nice about it. He said he was sorry, but it just couldn't be done. Of course, you never get a photograph if you take no for an answer. I went on talking. Suddenly the Duke kind of raised his hand, and two men grabbed me from behind and bounced me, very neat."

Fasold had been talking with some difficulty, owing to a swelling on one side of his upper lip. Haas referred to this with joke and jest and jape.

"Tell him how you got it," said Duff.

"The automobile races," replied Fasold; and he mentioned in dynamic terms the name of a moving-picture man. "I was trying to snap the winner. A big touring car stood by the finish line, and the chauffeur let me stand on his radiator. I caught the winner, and, as I reversed my plate holder, I saw that his mother was running out to kiss him. Fine! I got ready to snap them when they came together. Just then the moving-picture man grabbed me by my coat tail and jerked me over on the small of my back, and my shutter went off and took the blue sky. I got up and hit him on the nose and he hit me on the mouth, and we clinched, and the guards arrested us—"

The Direst of All Threats

ALL this time Fasold's voice had been rising to a climax of indignation.

"Do you know what I tried to do to that man?" he said. "I was hunting round to find his camera. By jimminy, if I could have laid my hands on it, I'd 'opened it and light-struck his films!" On the expression of this awful revenge, the most hideous in the range of his imagination, Fasold became silent again.

As we went on from mere romance to technicalities, the stories began to deal with the matter of quick transmission. In these days of frequent and hurried newspaper extras, competition between the photographic agencies comes down to a matter of minutes and seconds. For transmitting photographs of out-of-town



Raised to Victory

This was the only way to "beat the situation," and it won



Morgan in Excitement

Caught by George Grantham Bain's operator as he reached with his cane for another newspaper photographer who had tried and failed to snap him

events the mails and the express companies are impossibly slow. Once the news photographers used Pullman employees as messengers. The operator would hand his package to a porter and wire his office a telegram something like this: "Meet express arriving Grand Central Station 8.33 and give Porter G. W. Jones a dollar." But at the trying time of the Taft inauguration the express companies learned somehow of this system. Alarmed at the frightful loss of revenue, they complained to the Post Office Department and the railroads. However, the photographers still found ways and means, to reveal which would be telling tales out of school. Concerning all these things, Haas boasted. He works for Paul Thompson now, having drifted thither from the "Pictorial News." Consequently, the Thompson Agency is to him the one real, going concern in the business, although six months ago he would have assigned that position to the "Pictorial News." Similarly, Duff now believes that the A. P. A. leads while others follow. Such is the way of those who fight for the news; it breeds loyalty beyond reason.

"When Thompson was breaking into the field," said Haas, "he thought he'd try to get photographs of the Yale-Harvard football game at Boston—well, at Cambridge, it's the same thing—into the Philadelphia morning papers. The boss called up two Philadelphia editors by long-distance telephone. They said it couldn't be done, but they offered a fancy price on a chance. The game started in those days at half-past two. There was a train leaving the Back Bay Station in Boston, at 3.05. Duff had a taxicab waiting for him outside. The job was figured down to minutes. He took two shots. Then one of the Harvards was knocked out. Seemed like it was hours before he came to. But they lined up in time for Duff to make five or six more exposures. The taxi just got him to the train and no more. He reached the Grand Central Station in New York at half-past eight, and there was a Pennsylvania train leaving Jersey City for Philadelphia at nine. Our man Wilkinson took the negatives from Duff, got on a Subway express, which is faster than a taxi cab, and went to Cortlandt Street. He sprinted two blocks to the Cortlandt Street ferry and jumped on the boat as they were raising the hood. The ferry was delayed. Wilkinson made the Philadelphia train just before they closed the vestibule doors. The Philadelphia papers had messengers waiting at the station. We got the negatives there at eleven sharp. Between then and twelve-fifteen, when the first edition goes to press, they had to be carried to the offices, developed, retouched, etched on zinc, and made up in the forms. But the Philadelphia papers put it through all right. Of course that was only a stunt to show we were in business. 'I wouldn't pay to do it regular.'"

"But when you're through talkin'," said Duff a few minutes later, "the hardest thing about this game is not breaking your neck climbing to places where you can get a picture or beating the other boy to the office with the copy. No, sir. It's getting people to stand for it. Once I photographed Champ Clark and Joe Cannon on the same plate. It was after Champ Clark was elected Speaker, but before he took his job. They were both in New York for a conference—stopping at the same hotel. Clark on the fourth floor and Uncle Joe on the eighth. I saw Clark first, because I knew he'd be easier. He said he'd stand for it if Cannon would. I called up Cannon on the telephone. He said: 'Not on your life.' I just turned and said to Champ Clark: 'It's all right, Mr. Speaker; he says come right up.' Says Champ Clark: 'Now don't you go calling me "Mr. Speaker" before him, because I ain't yet; and he's likely to be sensitive.' We walked in on Uncle Joe. He had his coat off. He said: 'What's this for?' 'For that photograph,' says Champ Clark. Before Uncle Joe could open his mouth again, I picked up his coat. 'Just put this on, Mr. Speaker,' says I, 'and it'll be over in a minute.' Which it was."

"Once Mrs. Astorbilt helped me to get a society out-

fit to stand for a flashlight—" Under the familiar composite of the comic periodicals, I am disguising the name of a woman whom everyone would recognize instantly as a "leader" in the "smart set." I find here that I must explain Duff. When you look at his face you think of a Boston terrier. When you look at his long-lashed, violet eyes, you think of the bards of Ireland. And when he loosens his tongue you think on all that immortal line of Hibernians who have talked



The Shooting of Gaynor

"I focused," says Mountfortt, "... waited until he turned around ... and snapped"

their way around the world. You can see at a glance that any women, plain or "society," who had been photographed once by Mister Duff, would esteem it an honor to be photographed by him again.

"Society barn dance at Garden City. The police were rough that night, and the Pinkertons were awful, but a big head waiter was the worst. He came out with a coffee-pot and said he'd brain us if he caught us sneaking up on him. Of course, it was night, and you couldn't do anything without a flashlight. Snapping was no use. I got behind the line of Pinkertons by the door, and they stepped on my toes and annoyed me otherwise. Along the line comes Mrs. Astorbilt, all dressed up like a horse and buggy. I didn't try to get past the Pinkertons, but I stuck my head out where she could see me. It worked. She said: 'How do you do, Mr. Duff,' very nice. I said: 'How do you do, Mrs. Astorbilt.' Then I just walked past those Pinkertons, and they never moved a hair, they were that astonished. I stepped up to her and walked right in, talking about her new dog kennels that I'd just photographed. When we were inside I said: 'If it isn't too much trouble, I'd like to get a few of the ladies together and take a flashlight of them over there in the shed.' She says just like that: 'I'll see what I can do.' But she came back laughing a bit later and says: 'They've all got to dancing and it's hard to round them up. I tell you what you do. That big door there is open. Suppose you set up your flashlight just outside. And I'll dance close to some people who'd be good for your pictures. I'll work them around before the camera and give you the signal with my head,' she says. 'Mrs. Astorbilt, it's a pity you're rich,' I says, 'because you'd be making about five hundred dollars a week as a newspaper woman.' She danced the next dance. I set up my apparatus on a stepladder. By and by she came waltzing around and giving me the nod. I let go. The flash knocked over the stepladder, but it didn't hurt the camera, and I got a fine picture. While I was packing up, Mrs. Astorbilt came over and asked me if I didn't want some refreshments. Of course I did, with her asking. I lined up to the lunch counter between—" I omit the list, but it sounded like "among those present" in the society page; trust a news photographer to know his social register—"and up comes that same head waiter to pour me some champagne. I gave him a wicked eye, and as soon as I'd drunk to Mrs. Astorbilt, I shoved my glass out at him. 'Here's to you, you great big boob!' I says."

The Flashlight That Failed

MOUNTFORTT had been waiting to get into the conversation. Now he took the opening. "Ever hear about the flashlight man at the Corey-Gilman wedding?" he asked. "They'd never stand for pictures, those two. But the night they were married, the fellows located the ceremony. There was only one door by which they could possibly leave. The bunch of photographers made an agreement for once. They were to focus on a step just outside the door, and one man with a big, new patent flashlight apparatus was to let her go as soon as the Coreys hit the spot. All right. The flashlight man pulled the string. It missed fire. He yelled: 'Focus on the bottom step!' The bunch made a guess focus. He pulled again. Nothing doing, and the Coreys ducked into their auto. He stopped one second to smash that flashlight apparatus against the wall, and then he ran like blazes for his life."

"From Corey?" I inquired innocently.

"No! From the photographers," said Mountfortt.

Finally, as the evening wore away and Louis the waiter grew nervous because he wanted to clear the dining room, Fasold mounted his hobby. Every newspaper man holds in the back of his head that one big news mystery which he wants to clear up—exclusively—before he dies. Now Fasold gives his days and nights

of reverie to Dorothy Arnold, the "missing heiress" whose strange disappearance a year or two ago made so much blind copy for the newspapers. To find Dorothy Arnold and to get a signed photograph of her—that is his ambitious dream. As the public may remember, one George Griscom, Jr., is hazily connected with the case. He spent a week of isolation at Atlantic City, shut up in his hotel room, refusing to be photographed, to be interviewed, to give the press any satisfaction. Indeed,

after four days of waiting, many of the reporters and photographers doubted if he was in the hotel at all.

"I had a regular newspaper job just then," said Fasold. "I was working for the Philadelphia 'Inquirer.' My instructions were to stay and get an exclusive photograph if it took a month. First I had to make sure he was in the hotel. I went to the wireless station, got a telephone near by, called up the hotel, and said: 'This is the wireless station. I have an important message for Mr. George Griscom. Give me his room, please.' 'You'll have to wait a little while,' said the hotel operator. I said: 'All right.' I knew what that meant. He'd had his telephone off the hook for four days; the operator was sending a bellboy to connect up his room. Finally a man's voice answered. I said: 'Is this George Griscom, Jr.?' He said: 'Yes.' I said: 'This is the wireless station. I have an important message for you.' He said: 'Send it right over,' and hung up the phone. I guess he's waiting for that message yet. It was all I wanted—I knew he was still in the hotel. Then Myers of the New York 'Examiner' came along—" I disguise

names here—"Myers had done Griscom a favor when Griscom first landed from Florence. I saw Myers gum-shoeing round, so I trailed him. He turned on me and said: 'See here, I'm going to pull something off. You leave me alone. If I get his permission to photograph him, I'll let you in.' I didn't believe Myers, but I saw it would do no good to trail him any more. And the next afternoon, just when I was off my guard, Myers came running out of the hotel with Griscom. They jumped into an automobile, and I chased after them. But they started up too soon. Myers yelled when he saw me: 'That's all right, we'll be back in half an hour, and you'll have a chance!' Of course, I took no stock in that."

"I tied up, then, with an Atlantic City man who was on the same story. We knew that Myers, who is only a reporter, had brought no photographer with him—he'd have to take Griscom to a gallery. We started to visit all the galleries in Atlantic City. At the first two places they'd refused to do business because the 'Examiner' wanted the negatives as well as the prints; but the third man had taken the picture. I said to him: 'Fifty dollars to go away for ten minutes and leave me alone in the shop.' He said: 'I'm retained exclusively by the New York 'Examiner.' Just as the Atlantic City man and I left the shop, we met Myers and started to quarrel. I happened to look across Myers's shoulder, and there comes George Griscom not fifty feet away—and me with my box in my hand. That Atlantic City man sees it too, and he begins to offer Myers a choice assortment of insults."

"Well, of course, when a man is talked to that way he pays no attention to anything. I opened the camera, slipped the plate cover off, and when Griscom got in range I let it go. I was so close under Myers that the tip of his elbow shows in the negative. Myers never knew I did it, him being quite annoyed by my Atlantic City friend at that time."

"It looked exclusive. It would have been, too, if the Atlantic City man hadn't gone back on me and sold a print off my negative to the A. P. A."

"What about the picture Myers had taken in the gallery?" I asked.

"Oh, that? I fixed him! He started it to New York by messenger. I knew the messenger. I took him to dinner and to a moving-picture show, and made him miss the last train to New York. I had something else up my sleeve in case that failed. I found he had that plate in his pocket. It was a glass plate. I'd located the pocket, and I've a strong punch in both hands and both feet—see!"

Duff yawned; Haas was gently dropping to sleep against the table. Even youth has its limitations of endurance.

The convivial spell was broken; we pushed back our chairs to go away and give Louis the waiter a chance to clear the table.

No one will believe what I am going to relate next; it will seem too much like a neat invention. But in the face of skepticism, I swear that it occurred as I tell it.

We had been hearing, from the floor above, the strains of an orchestra and the clatter of applause. And just when our chairs were scraping the floor, there came the familiar muffled "boom!" the spurt of silvery light, the puff of white smoke along the lintels. We looked at each other and laughed, it arrived so pat.

Louis the waiter stepped forward, holding out a reassuring palm.

"Don't be frightened, gentlemen," he said, "there's no danger. It's only a photographer shooting off a flashlight to take a picture of the banquet upstairs!"

"Hold!" said Duff. "Do not let the commercial dog enter this room. My face has never yet appeared in the public press!"



From a Photograph by W. A. Cooper

Rembrandt's "A Man in a High Hat, Holding a Letter in His Left Hand"

America continues to levy upon the art of Europe. Two Rembrandt paintings, purchased, according to rumor, at a great price, have been hung in the art gallery of P. A. B. Widener in proximity to "The Mill," which Mr. Widener bought last spring at an accredited price of \$500,000. Both of the latest treasures are portraits, the one reproduced above, and the other having for its subject "The Apostle Peter," showing him seated before a desk. Both are considered embodiments of the Rembrandt style. The paintings were secured in England, through a firm of art dealers, and formerly hung in Canford Manor, in the collection of the Earl of Wimborne.

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The first meeting between the white man (Mr. Lewis Stone) and the Hawaiian girl (Miss Laurette Taylor) in Richard Walton Tully's "The Bird of Paradise"

"Kismet" and Other New Plays

Including a Very Interesting One About a White Man in the Tropics

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE first scene of "Kismet" was well under way as I walked down the aisle, knowing, fortunately, almost nothing about the play except that Mr. Edward Knoblauch had written it, that it was very successful in London, and now playing or about to be played all over the civilized world. Fortunate, because otherwise I might not have been reminded of the importance of understanding the key in which an author's work is set and of how comparatively unaccustomed both audience and players are to-day to things set in a key of fantasy. The emphasis in these days is generally on the stunning accuracy with which a man strikes a match or masticates a wedge of apple pie, and if the outer shell of him looks lifelike he is assumed to be real, and few bother about how outlandishly his mind and heart may work. And beholding Mr. Otis Skinner in an unfamiliar coffee-colored make-up, sitting in the street in front of a sort of temple, mouthing and waving his arms with what seemed unnecessary noise and artifice—followed by astonishing laryngical phenomena from all concerned—I promptly drew profound conclusions on the artificiality of the stage in general and the tedium of this particular piece.

An Arabian Nights' Entertainment

AND it was not until bazaars and harems, mosques, muezins, sword bearers, incense, magic, and goodness knows what cataracts of Oriental color had fairly drenched us—more especially after Mr. Otis Skinner, as the hero, had choked to death one muffled old gentleman with a long white beard, stabbed another and drowned him in the harem pool, gayly pushing his head under water and watching the bubbles rise (behavior no hero of a modern realistic play would dare to risk with his audience)—that the dazzling idea flashed across me that this was not mere spectacular realism like "The Garden of Allah," for instance, but a dramatization of the spirit of the Arabian Nights, to be taken in exactly the same state of mind that you would take Sindbad sailing away on the roc's back, or the Forty Thieves boiling in oil.

After that everything was altogether delightful. The story of the play is that of Hajj, a beggar of Bagdad—a sort of D'Artagnan-Chantecler-Cyrano de Bergerac beggar—who gets a purse of money in the morning and after a day's astounding adventures finds himself at night just as he was before, with his lovely daughter, Marisah, married to the Caliph and he back in his beggar's place beside the temple door.

Better Than Three Rings

MR. KNOBLAUCH has suffused the vigorous and spirited melodramatic framework of his play with real Oriental feeling and here and there a touch of genuine poetry, and everything that could be done to make the production brilliant and atmospheric has been thought of, it would seem, by Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske and the others who have helped.

Nowhere outside the Hippodrome—that other Arabian Nights' entertainment, the much-heralded wordless play, "Sumurun," will have been produced ere this is read—is there such a procession of vivid things. Some are a trifle droll—among which I should include Mr. Fred Eric, made up with a turban and long pearl pendant earrings to look exactly like Miss Ethel Barrymore; also the evident doubt both on the part of Miss Rita Jolivet and the audience as to whether, when the wicked Wazir tries to abduct her, she should remain in her Oriental character or come out of it and accept the opportunity to indulge in some thoroughly modern third-act hysterics;

and possibly—for the feeble-minded—the fact that the hero's name seems to be Hodge, although the program's "Hajj" proves that he is a regular Arabian, and that the wicked Wazir's is Mansur, which, being pronounced Mon-sewer, always gives him the air of being addressed in musical comedy French.

Mr. Hamilton Revelle, by the way, who plays the Wazir, makes a vivid figure with his stunning blue satin robes and his fine white teeth, and so does his sword bearer—a slim, silent, snaky shape, apparently made of dark bronze. Mr. George Rolph is this unusual person. Everybody is glad, of course, to see Mr. Otis Skinner at last have a part worthy of him, and next to "Chantecler," which he ought to have had, this is about the most appropriate vehicle for his finished and somewhat florid style that has appeared in recent years. The whole entertainment is novel and amusing, and one of those rare things one really wants to see a second time.

"The Bird of Paradise"

MR. RICHARD WALTON TULLY'S Hawaiian play, "The Bird of Paradise," like "Kismet," is fairly dripping with color. Ringing would perhaps be as appropriate a word, for the quick pagan beat and velvety hum of Hawaiian guitars is never very far away, and whenever the action becomes acute—whether under the palms of the Puna Coast, or in the moonlight of Honolulu, or away up on the boiling crater of Kilauea—a convenient orchestra promptly throws in the sobbing breeze of its quivered strings.

The story of the play is that of a young American who goes to the tropics, marries a native Hawaiian girl and suffers the not uncommon degeneration. Another white man, a beach comber, gone to pieces, too, but mostly through drink, is pulled up by the American girl the first man loses, and takes the former's place in the end. Meanwhile, the poor little Hawaiian, Luana, a creature born to laugh and love and sing and bask in the sun and swim, unable to make herself a white woman, finally—a sacrifice being needed to propitiate Pele—offers herself, and to the accompaniment of the wailing music aforesaid, throws herself into the volcano.

In spite of this somewhat lurid conclusion, Mr. Tully tells a moving and poignant story. The young sentimentalist, the virile and matter-of-fact promoter and plantation owner, the beach comber and the pagan girl are types genuine to every remote tropical neighborhood, and the underlying riddle real and unanswerable.

"Where Every Prospect Pleases—"

THE charm of the tropics is not—as popular opinion somewhat ingeniously seems to assume—the mere chance to cut loose and do what decency forbids at home. It is more subtle than that. It is its beauty, its spaciousness and grace which first allure and make our noisy skyscraper and sweatshop civilization seem uncivilized, cold, brutal, and absurd. As the British



Mr. Otis Skinner as Hajj in the Arabian Nights play, "Kismet"

(Concluded on page 23)



"My eyes fell upon a thin gold chain, and I saw the Harvest Moon in the hollow of Jeannie's breast"

THE CASTAWAYS

Another Story of the Lure of the Harvest Moon

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHNEIN

I WRITE this sitting in the sand under that coco palm that Jeannie named "Thomas," on a speck of an island whose bearings in the South Pacific I do not know. The potatoes, the biscuit, the beans, the tinned French peas and peaches and cherries and truffles that I saved from the wreck are almost gone and I am near my end. I shall be a thing for birds soon—like that unknown man on the drifting schooner's deck; then bones bleaching at great leisure in the sun.

But some day—not soon, for these are, I believe, well-nigh unsailed seas my island rises above—some far day men will come here, unsuspecting, not knowing why, led by a power not within themselves toward wreck and treachery and bloodshed and shame, for, as I sit, there sits over against me on a rock, glowing in the sunlight upon its little square of black cloth, the Harvest Moon—the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

It will draw them here out of the good blue sea as irresistibly as the moon draws the tides. It will soil and corrupt the hearts in their breasts. It will wreck and ruin them as it has wrecked and ruined so many others.

IT CANNOT be hidden long. I am sure of that—not even on this uncharted island in unknown seas. It is the immortal spirit of evil. It must be about its business.

I believe a great deal has been written first and last about the Harvest Moon. Its long and terrible history is well enough known, I should think. Perhaps some one will even tell or has already told how it came to be hung about the neck of that dead man on the schooner. So I who wait for death on a far island in the South Seas will write before I die what I alone know of the Harvest Moon—getting its history, as it were, up to date. And when that day arrives that men are drawn

here to this remote speck of sand, they will find the pages I have written lying beside my bones.

God have mercy upon them and upon me!

IT WAS exactly three months ago to-day that we upon Mallow's yacht, making south out of the Marquesas, but carried some distance eastward by a blow, sighted a little schooner riding under bare poles with only a jib set. It was toward evening.

We watched the tiny craft for a long time, standing by the rail with glasses at our eyes, Mallow and Donne and Tony Forbes, Mrs. Lasalle and Jeannie and I. It was Jeannie, I remember, who first made out the figure of a solitary man sitting on the schooner's deck beside the foremast.

That excited us very much, as the schooner was obviously not under control, and Mallow decided that we must send off a boat.

"That schooner may be full of pearl shell or Spanish doubloons or beautiful slaves," said he. "It may be a treasure ship. How do we know it isn't? I'm going to find out, anyhow. Who wants to go with the boat? Not I! I'm too fat and too lazy." He looked at Tony Forbes.

"Tony, be a sportsman! Go and retrieve the Spanish treasure, there's a good chap!" But Forbes laughed and shook his head.

"What's the good of troubling?" he demanded. "Everything we bring back belongs to you. You're the boss here. Why should I fetch Spanish treasure for you to spend? And, besides, I know what's in that schooner. There's about three feet of bilge water, a barrel of spoiled salt pork, some moldy ship's biscuit, and a starved cat. You get another messenger boy! I'm tired to-day."

Mallow said:

"I'll make you a sporting offer. Anything you fetch from that schooner yonder, whatever it may be, shall

belong to the four of us jointly—you and Donne and Johnnie and me. Now will you go?"

"I will not," said Tony Forbes. "I don't want a joint interest in a barrel of salt pork. Besides, I've promised myself a drink at six bells."

I said I'd go if nobody else wanted to, and they shouted: "Good old Johnnie!" and cheered me ironically, and the boat was called away, and I dropped into it from a sea ladder over the side.

We knew even before we had brought the boat up under the lee of the little schooner that the man sitting on deck was dead and was tied to the foremast by a rope about his arms and body. Parker, the second mate, and I climbed up the side and went forward to look, while the flock of gulls that had been wheeling and dipping and mewing about that lonely voyager rose in the air and hung over our heads.

He had died hard, for he was covered with wounds that had been washed clean by the spray, but he hadn't been dead very long, for his face wasn't even discolored. He sat with his feet sprawled out and his head rolling with the rolling of the deck. Once I saw his eyes and they were gray and dull and opaque—the deadest thing about him. They made me shiver.

He had a brass locket, all green with rust, hung about his neck on a string, and there was a bit of white paper twisted on the string. I said to Parker:

"Just take that locket off the poor devil's neck, will you? It may give us an idea of who he is." The second mate fell back a step, looking quite green and shaking his head.

"No, sir! Excuse me, sir. I couldn't do it. I don't like dead men. They give me the 'orrors."

WELL, I didn't like dead men either, but I dare say the desire to show off and put the second mate to shame lent me a bit of courage, for I went up to the man sitting by the foremast and took a long breath and snatched the cord from about his neck. I remember that my hand touched his cheek and I felt very sick for a moment.

The twist of white paper had been wet and it came off the cord with some difficulty. Parker had to lend me a hand, and even then we tore the thing half across between us, but at last spread it out. There were three words written in red pencil:

"The Harvest Moon."

"Nothing more. Or should I say, nothing less?"

I glanced up, and the second mate was staring at me and his face was red and his mouth open. He was a New Zealander, out of Dunedin, and knew what the Harvest Moon was as well as I did. I saw him lick his lips, and he said in a kind of whisper:

"You'd better—ave the locket open, sir. It might be—it might be a joke." I believe I said:

"Good Lord! Of course it's a joke. You don't think the Harvest Moon's really in this silly brass thing, do you? Don't be an ass!" And I found my hands were trembling. Why I didn't drop locket and all into the sea I can't understand, but I pulled and fumbled and fumbled again and the locket opened and the Harvest Moon lay and glowed like a misty coal in the hollow of my hand.

HOW long we two stood there, bent over and staring, I don't know, but I remember that after an indeterminate space of time the second mate made a sound like a sob and said:

"My God! My God! My God!" three times like that, and I shut the pearl once more within the brass locket and looked up. I felt drunk, I remember, and my hands seemed to be a long way off and quite detached from my body. I saw the second mate's face, and it was green again and drawn and like the face of a man who has seen something horrible.

Then a very odd thing occurred. Of course, it may all have been an accident. I dare say it was. There was a heavy swell running, though without wind, and the little schooner had been rolling and pitching like a crazy horse. Well, there came an unusually wild plunge and threw me off my balance. As I staggered to regain it, it seemed to me that I saw a sudden change in the second mate's face, a sudden flash of ferocity and determination, and I thought he stuck out one foot as if to trip me, and at the same time caught at one of my hands—the hand that held the Harvest Moon. Certainly he did grasp the cord of the locket, which snapped in his hand, and certainly I did fall over his foot and pitch very nearly overboard—the return roll of the deck saved me—but, as I say, all this may have been quite accidental and Parker may have been trying to hold me back from drowning. I don't wish to wrong a man who is dead.

IN ANY case I had no more than a fright and a tumble on the deck and never went overboard at all. So I stuffed the brass locket away inside my coat and sent the second mate below to see what he could find. He went, looking rather white and breathless, but found nothing to explain the mystery of that floating craft. She had been stripped bare of papers, charts, instruments, and food. Even the name painted on the stern had been scraped off, awkwardly, as if with sand and stones. We had brought a dynamite cartridge (for Mallow didn't want to tow), and, after a couple of the boat's crew had untied the dead man and let him over the side, we lighted the fuse of this and pulled away toward the yacht. The explosion came when we'd gone perhaps halfway—a spurt of foam with bits of spar and decking black against it, a dull sound like a gun, and a chorus of screams from the flock of gulls. So a mystery, forever unexplained to us, went to the bottom of the Pacific and the Harvest Moon was about its business once more.

I touched the pocket where it lay, and caught Parker's eye upon mine, and felt drunk once more and cold and a little sick.

At the top of the ladder old Mallow says:

"Here's our wandering boy back again from the seas. Welcome to our yacht, Johnnie. You'll find we have the same old cat. But where's the Spanish treasure? Where's the doubloons and pieces-of-eight? Out with 'em! or I'll have you searched."

I said in his ear:

"Come down to the saloon! And have the others come, too—Donne and Forbes." Old Mallow gave a surprised laugh, but I took his arm and led him toward the companionway, Donne and Tony Forbes following us. Jeannie, who'd been standing by the rail watching my return, smiled at me and went back to her book and chair.

"If there's a diamond sunburst among the loot, Johnnie, I want it," she said. And I said:

"There is, and it's yours."

WE WENT to Mallow's own cabin instead of to the saloon, and Mallow ordered four "Tom Collinses." The Japanese boy brought them and then went out and shut the door behind him.

"Now then, Johnnie, what'd you find?" says Mallow, sniffing his drink. I said:

"I found the Harvest Moon in a brass locket hanging from a dead man's neck." Old Mallow spilled a little of his Tom Collins, staring at me very hard. Then he laughed and said:

"Johnnie, you're a good comedian, but I don't like your style of work. What did you really find?" So I repeated it.

"I found the Harvest Moon in a brass locket hung by a string 'round a dead man's neck." And at that Mallow's face went pale and he sat down across the little table that was in his cabin. Donne and Tony Forbes looked at me over their drinks, blinking like owls.

I SAT down, too, and pulled the locket out of its hiding place. The sun had gone down behind a cloud bank and it was growing dark in the cabin, so I stepped across to the door and switched on the overhead electric. Then I laid the Harvest Moon on the red cloth of the table and sat down once more.

That magnificent pearl seemed to absorb all the light there was in the room. It lay there among us, glowing and paling exactly like a live coal. It seemed to me to



"I can't explain all this—nor any of it. It is part of the abominable mystery of that wicked gem"

stir and move. It seemed to me to breathe. It played the most insane tricks with my eyes and my imagination. I thought it grew in size, swelling in some wild and incredible fashion until it was as big as my fist—as big as two fists—a great fiery, pulsating globe like a Chinese lantern, and I winked in its light because my eyes smarted.

I can't explain all this—nor any of it. It is part of the abominable mystery of that wicked gem. I've read that it has affected many people in the same way. It isn't like other pearls, you see. It has magic in it—black magic—horrors. It has something about it that Medusa's head must have had.

But after a bit I seem to have had intelligence enough left to realize that my senses weren't quite normal, for I remember that I deliberately put one foot under a leg of my chair and bore down on it hard. It hurt like anything—so much that I nearly cried out—and the physical pain brought me, as the phrase goes, "to." I looked across the table at Mallow, and, for the third time that day, felt rather sick. He'd sunk down low in his chair—"all in a heap," as one says—a fat, gross, boneless heap, and his face was horrible. I can't describe it and I don't want to, but I may say it looked as if all that was mean and low and vile and treacherous and sinister and hideous in old Mallow had suddenly, by some awful sorcery, been brought to the surface and spread out for the world to see. It was indecent. It was obscene. One wanted to cover it as if it were the face of a man dead in passion.

HIS lips hung open and his eyes protruded and he stared at the Harvest Moon. Donne and Forbes stared at it too, but their faces were just red and dull and stupidly avaricious. Mallow's was like the face of a lustful devil—if you know what that is.

He began making an odd noise in whispers. For a long time it was just a noise—it conveyed nothing to me, but at last I made out that the man was saying over and over again:

"It's mine—mine—mine—mine." Tony Forbes seemed to get the sense of those words at the same moment, for he gave a sudden start and leaned forward and said:

"Not by a damn sight, it ain't. How about the agreement, eh? Anything whatsoever that Johnnie brought back from that schooner was to be the joint property of us four." And Donne beat his hand on the table and said with a kind of silly heaviness:

"Right, O! *L'enfant dit vrai*. That was the agreement."

Mallow blinked at them, opening and shutting his mouth. He looked like another man—a stranger—some one we'd never seen before, and he looked ghastly ill.

"It's mine—mine!" he said once more, but we three fixed our eyes upon him and waited, and presently he seemed to come a little to himself. He said to me, still in a whisper:

"Cover the thing up!" And rubbed his hands across his face as if his eyes hurt him. Perhaps they did. Mine had. Then at last he said:

"I beg pardon, you fellows! I'd—I'd forgotten." He seemed to consider for a bit.

"Four people," said he, "can't own the Harvest Moon

together. That's out of the question. It isn't the sort of thing for joint ownership. You know that. What's to be done? Would you three care to sell out your interests? I've heard the pearl valued at fifty thousand pounds. That's twelve thousand five hundred for each of us. I'll buy you out if you like." He looked across at me and I looked at Donne and Tony Forbes. Forbes said:

"Twelve thousand five hundred pounds!" He reached out and pulled away the silk handkerchief I'd covered the Harvest Moon with, and sat gazing at it, and the red came up over his face and went again, leaving him dead pale.

"No, by God!" cried Forbes at the end of a minute or two. He was flushed and his eyes were glittering.

"I won't sell out!" said he. He pointed with an unsteady finger. "There's the most wonderful thing in this world and I own a fourth interest in it. I may not be rich like you. Twelve thousand may look a lot to me, but I'm hanged if I'll sell a thing like that for money. And I think Donne'll say the same. How about it, eh?"

DONNE rubbed his head. He looked a little dazed.

"When," said he, "was the Harvest Moon ever bought or sold?" and settled himself again to staring at the great pearl as if he were hypnotized by it—as I dare say he was.

I don't know what ailed us all that day. I think we were bewitched. To me twelve thousand pounds was a fortune, but I looked across the table at old Mallow and smiled and shook my head.

"Will you play for it?" asked Mallow. I laughed, but Tony Forbes, after an instant, nodded gravely and said:

"Yes." He went on nodding.

"That's better. That's more in the spirit of the Harvest Moon. We're no Jews to trade and huckster over the Pyramids or the Colossus of Rhodes or the gardens of Babylon. We can't haggle with five-pound notes over the Harvest Moon, but we can win or lose it on the turn of a card. We'll draw each one card from the pack and the highest card

wins. Aces are low."

Mallow stumbled to his feet and stood glowering and shaking before the little table. He was still—and forever after—a stranger to us—a man we didn't know, with burning eyes and a white and ghastly face. He seemed to be trying to speak, and I, for one, listened, but no words would come to his loose lips, only dry noises. In the end he threw up his hands in a queer theatrical gesture, turned away and came back with a pack of cards, which, after he had resumed his seat, he shuffled and reshuffled with fingers that seemed all thumbs. Forbes, very white and still, watched him, and Donne watched the cards. I, I remember, felt an odd and inexplicable detachment from the scene. It was as if I were looking on at a play. I hadn't the slightest expectation of winning, but I felt no resentment—even no disappointment. Magic again, I suppose. I can't explain it.

MALLOW put down the pack, and Donne, at his left, drew a card and laid it face upward before him—the ten of clubs. I drew next, saw that it was a court card, and had a moment's flutter of the heart. But the card was the knave of diamonds, and I laid it down with a sigh. Tony Forbes took a long breath and drew a queen. Then Mallow with his trembling fingers drew a card, dropped it awkwardly into his lap, recovered it, and held up the king of spades.

"I'll thank you," said Forbes in a low voice, "to show the card you drew from the pack and not the one you slipped out when you were shuffling."

We were all on our feet in an instant.

"The card you drew is under the table," Forbes said. Donne sprang forward, but Mallow caught him with one big hand, hurled him back, and, with the swiftest movement I ever saw him make, swept the whole pack off the table on to the floor about his feet. He gave a shaking, snarling, wolfish sound that doubtless he meant for laughter and held up his king of spades.

"I drew the highest card in this game," said he, "and the Harvest Moon is mine. You" (to Forbes) "accuse me of having substituted a card for the one I drew. No one else saw what you say you saw, and you can prove nothing. You are a liar and a blackguard."

"You," said young Forbes, "are merely a cheat—a card sharper. I can't prove it, as you say, but everyone in this cabin knows that what I say is true." He took up his cap and turned and went out.

DINNER that evening was a ghastly meal. Forbes didn't appear. Mallow sat at the head of the table and never spoke save once or twice to little Jeannie at his right. But he drank a good deal of whisky and soda. Donne and I were almost silent, and I think everybody felt like a reprieved prisoner when the hour was over.

Afterward Mallow walked the deck with Jeannie, holding her by the arm. I heard his words once or twice as the two passed me, and he seemed to be trying to make love in a heavily jocular fashion with a white face that never smiled even when he made a sound of laughter. Jeannie kept her eyes down and said very little.

I fell upon Mrs. Lasalle at the after end of the deck and called her attention to what was going on, but she

(Continued on page 26)

Auntie Mirando

Uncle Biddle's Account of the Strange Manifestations of Kosioskan Democracy

By ARTHUR COLTON

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON

AUNTIE MIRANDO first occurred on the side of a mountain called Etna," said Uncle Biddle.

"Who'd he occur to?"

Uncle Biddle meditated. We sat back, hidden in the dark of the warehouse doorway.

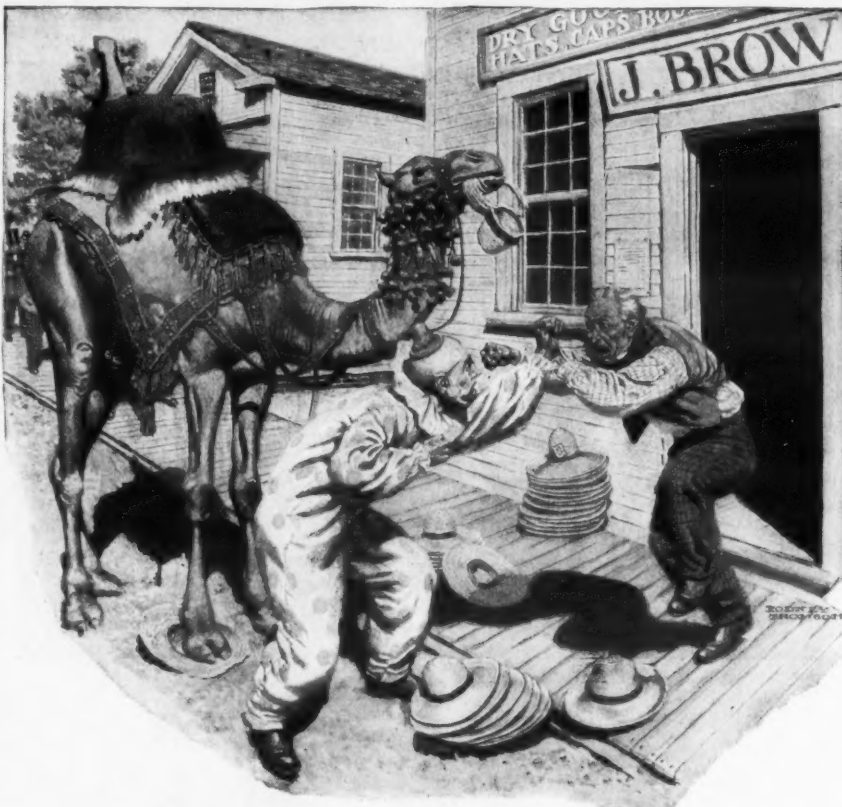
"Well, some said it was Etna and some said it wa'n't. I says: 'What's the odds?' I heard Mirando and Judge Tupper of Kosiosko, Missouri—I heard 'em argue it five miles and they didn't either of 'em prove nothing, no more'n two crickets under a brick. Put it, that's when he first got noticed so as to have a record. Etna had been wiping out villages, blowing off steam, and acting painful and laborious, and saying things that oughtn't to be said. I do know. Mirando appeared to be a passing interjection, as it were, or casual profanity dropped in the course of remark. He was a red-hot looking infant, well baked by the heat from the lava flow in a gully below him. From these and other evidence, such as size of voice, style of yell, and some volcanic conditions that politeness don't describe, the opinion rose, which might be hasty—I ain't taking sides—but the opinion got out that Etna was the responsible party, which she never denied. The selectmen let it go at that. They named him Antonio Etnalino Mirando, by way of stating the opinion that the circumstances was "Mirando," or queer, but tended to imply he was progeny to the party in view; which, being a scandalous circumstance for a Christian country, it was charitable to give him St. Anthony for a godfather, which was a party of reputable character. Some neighbors took that parentage for a sure thing. Some of them shied things at him to show they was high-brow scoffers. That was the way he grew up.

"WHEN I knew him he'd emigrated. He was clown in Smith & Roper's Circus, and given to wrath and complacency. He was a stocky, thick-necked man with pop eyes, and a nick in his nose, and carried a potato in his breast pocket to keep off colds. He'd put it in cold and take it out baked, or—well—anyhow, he used to melt the paint off his face in the ring, and believed he was more high-caste than human. He had the paganest mind I ever see.

"Now, the pagan mind is this way. They used to have parties for parents, such as gods and trees and mountains and rivers and planets. Claimed they did. A man might have an ant hill for an aunt and be first cousin to a woodchuck. That ain't respectable. The people on Etna ain't sent their ideas, nor clothes, to the wash since A. D. 1. I never did see how a man could catch cold who was hot enough to bake potatoes in his—well, I do know. He had the kind of a nature that went into action sudden, like he blew up. I see him come along the street with a camuel one day. It was a hot day in Kosiosko, Missouri, and he see a pile of straw hats in front of a hat store, and the camuel was acting sick, and Mirando says: 'If he have not straw hat,' he says, 'he have sunstroke,' and he started in feeding him straw hats, which the camuel took for natural fodder, and he eat considerable.

"But I don't believe it was sunstroke ailed the camuel. It was citizens of Kosiosko being sociable and feeding him cucumbers and beer. It was a hot place. There was green blinds on the jail to keep the sun out, on account of the heat and humanity of the town. Straw hats may be good for camuels. Mirando and the hat man didn't agree.

"So that afternoon, when the show was near over, the crowd got to shouting for Mirando, and Mr. Roper, who was ringmaster, made a speech. He says Mirando had been arrested by the tactless, indiscriminate, and morose sheriff of this here generous, high-spirited, and delightful city, he says, on account of Mirando feeding the camuel on Ozark Street with straw hats of inferior worth, he says, marked at exorbitant prices to obtain usurious profit, on account of the extreme heat of the day, he says, to the party selling hats. Hence had followed ex-



"He started in feeding him straw hats, which the camuel took for natural fodder"

change of slaps, mutual, he says, and administered on the cheek of either party. Hence, through the malicious and vengeful greed of the hat man, he says, and by the aid of a gloomy and puritanic sheriff named Bill Pease, the citizens of Kosiosko were deprived of their pleasures, and that popular comedian, Mirando, by reason of his lively disposition, his kindly sympathy with and intimate knowledge of, the nature and needs of camuels, and on account of his proper indignation at the prices set upon the hats, now languished and mourned in the jail.

"Far be it from me," says the ringmaster, "to suggest what action the public spirit of the community ought to take in face of such high-handed collusion between private avarice and official tyranny."

"Whoop!" says the crowd, simultaneous, and they come out of the circus like a mill-race and lit out for the jail. Some of them had fence rails to break in the door. It appeared to me the ringmaster was exaggerating that there puritanic gloom, because I see William Pease coming out of the tent along with the crowd, and it appeared to me he was well liquored up, and shaky on his legs, and when we come to the green-blinded jail in the city square, he was a-waving of his keys and saying: 'What's use, boys? What's use?' meaning the fence rails. 'Yere's the keys,' he says, 'and she ain't locked neither.'

"There was a dignified party with white side whiskers standing on the steps of the jail, and he says: 'Gentlemen, Bill's having them keys, and her not being locked,' he says, 'and putting the two statements, when you stand off and get their cumulative effect, it's an able argument,' he says, 'as respects the fence rails.' It was Judge Tupper, by name. The crowd flowed all over the jail, but Mirando wa'n't there.

"SPEAKING of green blinds," said Uncle Biddle, "after a pause, 'I knew a horse once that was a good quiet horse as long as he wore green spectacles. If the spectacles was blue he'd balk, and if they was red he'd kick out the dashboard, and if they was yellow he'd get the colic, and if there wa'n't any spectacles he'd do all three to once, whereby there was merriment, but no progress. Horse was owned by a man named Croup, and he had a brother that was a grocer, and—"

"What about Mirando?"

"—and he thought he could preserve eggs by feeding hens with shellac," persisted Uncle Biddle. "Maybe he could, but he didn't."

"But what did they do next?" some one asked. "Didn't they find Mirando?"

"They didn't—he didn't—er—they eggs was—Hey! What am I talking about?"

"What did the Kosioskans do next?"

"Them! They spanked the sheriff next, and then the hat man, sort of passing the time, with slats, or maybe it was shingles, on the ground of the sheriff's not adjusting his drinks to official duties, and the hat man's interfering with the pleasure of the people, when he'd ought to have sent a peaceable bill to the circus for such hats as might have been ate by a camuel. Because Kosiosko was a town where the government lay close to the populace. 'Democracy,' says Kosiosko, 'means that whatever the population takes a notion to is law for the time being, but it ain't precedent. If citizens is laid by citizens across the knees of other citizens—that's a family matter. William Pease,' says Kosiosko, 'is a good sheriff, provided you correct him for inebrriateness; the hat man ain't lived here long, but he's learning. Now where in hell,' says Kosiosko, 'as it were, is Auntie Mirando?'"

"That was true about Bill Pease," said Uncle Biddle, thoughtfully. "Slats was good for him. But the hat man got mad. He sold out afterward, and quit the town; said he was insulted; he didn't understand Kosioskan democracy. Kosioskan democracy was this way, because Judge Tupper explained it to me. I was sitting on his piazza; it was a two-story piazza and hung out sociable over the sidewalk at

the corner of Ozark Street and the city square; and we was talking about the high-caste claims and parentage of Mirando. Judge Tupper was a benevolent sort of party, which he contemplated a judge's business as the promotion of harmony.

"And harmony," he says, "is not everybody playing a trombone, or everybody tooting the same notes, but everybody playing harmonious. It's a high old symphony of brotherhood," he says. "The 'social symphony' is such that nobody's out of tune so long as everybody's amiable. Praise the Lord!" he says. "But I don't deny," he says, "that the administration of law in Kosiosko is sometimes difficult for the stranger to grasp, and the hat man takes it hard."

"MR. ROPER, the ringmaster, was there on the veranda, and there was an elephant driver named Peddlewit come along and says: 'Note for you, Biddle. It was in my hat,' says Peddlewit. 'I went to sleep on the hay bags and when I woke up it was in my hat.' He was a slow man in his mind, was Peddlewit, and accurate. I read out the writing:

"In the hoodah of Ali Shushan, I am here. I move not. I rage. Bring me a beer and sandwich. I curse, spurn, spit on this Kosiosko! Pah! Populace! Dirt! I go. In secret I go. It is right men should wonder at Mirando. Dogs!"

"Oh, dear me!" says Judge Tupper. "That's a bad case! Something ought to be done for Mirando," he says. "You see," he says, "it's the point of view. He's right so far as he wants beer and sandwiches, and has a belief that you'll oblige him, but the rest of him needs correction. Now the Kosioskan notion would be that a man with a superhuman ancestry ought to be doctored for it. That's the point."

"If you want to correct Mirando," says Mr. Roper, "I'd be pleased to watch it from way off."

"But Judge Tupper got it fixed in his mind something ought to be done to relieve Mirando of his pride and loneliness, and he went off to talk his idea to other citizens. By and by all Kosiosko appeared to be discussing it here and yon, how they'd go about to regulate Mirando's feelings.

"I went down to the stable tent, and I see Ali Shushan, the elephant, eating hay, with his hoodah on his back, and I see where Mirando had shinned up the tent pole and dropped into the hoodah. It was dark except for a lantern hanging on the tent pole. "Hi, Auntie!" I says. "Catch!"

"Ecco!" he says, popping his head out. "It is me! It is myself!"

"Then I sat on the hay bags, and we two took beer

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

FOUR months ahead of the conventions it is possible to name three men of whom it is probable that two will be the candidates: Roosevelt, Wilson, Bryan. This is based on the state of public opinion at the present time, and includes many important assumptions, chiefly that Roosevelt and Bryan shall, at some reasonably early date, become receptive candidates. It will be much easier for Roosevelt to hold his present lead than for Wilson. The Roosevelt following consists of all who want the Republican party to win, and that includes, quite naturally, about all there is of the Republican party. Roosevelt's position, strategically, is such that a host of people who don't like him are for him, and must continue to be. Woodrow Wilson is not so fortunately situated. Consider a man like Cannon, or Dalzell, or any of the anti-Roosevelt Standpatters: Their title to their own political lives depends upon Republican success next November, and Roosevelt is the only man who makes such success probable. The Standpatters don't like Roosevelt, but some principles of human nature are so nearly universal in their application that they don't need to be proved in any one case. Self-preservation is one of these. Senator Murray Crane of Massachusetts, for example, is counted as one of Taft's first friends; but Mr. Crane's return to the Senate depends upon the Republican party carrying Massachusetts at the Presidential election. Under these circumstances, guess whether Mr. Crane wants Taft or Roosevelt to be the Republican nominee.

What Bryan Can Do

IF BRYAN will whole-heartedly throw his strength to Wilson, it will go far toward making the New Jersey Governor's position with his party as strong as Roosevelt's with his. It would be a fine act on Bryan's part. His sense of humor must have led him to observe that it isn't Bryan men, but Wall Street railroad presidents, who are digging up ancient letters to prove that Bryan ought to close his heart to Wilson.

One Service by Roosevelt

ONE effect of the nomination of Roosevelt by the Republicans would be to compel the Democrats to put their best foot forward—and their best foot is Wilson.

The Most Important Issue

OTHER things being anywhere near equal, that candidate is going to have a great advantage in the coming campaign *who is farthest removed from the Republican policy of a high protective tariff.*

A Hint for the Democrats

THE parcels post would probably do more to reduce the high cost of living than any other single statute.

A Chance for Taft

DURING the course of the debate on the Sherwood Pension Bill, which aims to consume \$75,000,000 of public money, Congressman Austin of Tennessee uttered these words:

No Republican President ever vetoed a pension bill. None will ever do it. The only man who ever did it was Grover Cleveland, and we all know his fate.

Representative Langley of Kentucky uttered the same sentiment in substantially the same language:

No Republican President ever did veto a pension bill, and, in my judgment, no Republican President ever will do so.

This is exactly the sort of challenge which is apt to bring out the best that is in President Taft. He is entirely capable of vetoing the pension bill without regard to its effect on his own political fortunes; as a matter of fact, probably such a veto would help him more than any single act now foreseeable.

Light

THE Democrats in Congress have taken a long step toward throwing open to the public their caucuses at which many public matters of importance are discussed and decided. The movement toward keeping public records of important committee meetings, which is furthered by the Insurgent Republicans, is gaining ground. In 1787, Thomas Jefferson wrote to John Adams describing the Constitutional Convention as "really an assembly of demagogues." Of its proceedings he said:

I am sorry they begin their deliberations by so abominable a proceeding as that of tying up the tongues of their members. Nothing can justify this example but the innocence of their intentions and ignorance of the value of public discussion.

Those who oppose publicity of important committee meetings do not number innocence of intention among their motives.

The Opening Guns

THE first real test of strength among the candidates for the Presidency occurs the 22d of the present month; on that day the Democrats of Oklahoma will hold their convention and decide what candidate the Oklahoma delegates will vote for in the National Convention. Oklahoma's choice probably lies among Folk, Clark, and Wilson. The second test comes March 6, on which day North Dakota will hold its Presidential primary.

One of Clark's Limitations

A GALLUP, New Mexico, reader calls COLLIER'S attention to the fact that Champ Clark is probably more responsible than any other one man for the unfavorable reception of the reciprocity treaty by the Canadian people. Missouri Democrats who desired reciprocity will probably bear this in mind; it is not the only reason, nor the greatest one, why Clark is not a desirable candidate for the Presidency.

Presidential Primaries

A CITIZEN of Western Springs, Illinois, wrote to his Republican State Chairman, Roy O. West, saying that he would like to see a Presidential primary held in Illinois. Part of Mr. West's reply read thus:

In Illinois there is no way in which to appoint watchers and challengers and arrange for the counting of the votes and compensate these men for their services. Furthermore, there is no law under which fraudulent voting and fraudulent counting could be punished.

Mr. West is very anxious that the public shall get a square deal. But what guarantee of a square deal will the public have when Mr. West and the other bosses get together in a back room? Will Mr. West be faithful to the public or to the corporations for which he works? There are just two ways of choosing delegates to the National Convention: One is through a meeting of the people at primary elections, the other is through a meeting of bosses in back rooms. Much that makes this world agreeable to Mr. West is dependent on the continued existence of the latter system.

Not All Old Soldiers

A GREAT many of the protests against COLLIER'S opposition to the Sherwood Pension Bill lay stress on the fact that the young men who fought in the Civil War forfeited the opportunities for education which they would have got if they had remained at home. As a matter of fact, this argument illustrates the reasonableness of hostility to a pension bill which does not discriminate, which applies to all old soldiers alike. Only such soldiers could have been deprived of education as were in the school and college years, from fifteen to twenty-five—and, among these, only such as would have gone to school if they hadn't gone to war. This is a pretty limited number; that a demand for universal pensions should be based on consideration for a small number illustrates the wholly unreasonable point of view of the pension grafters.

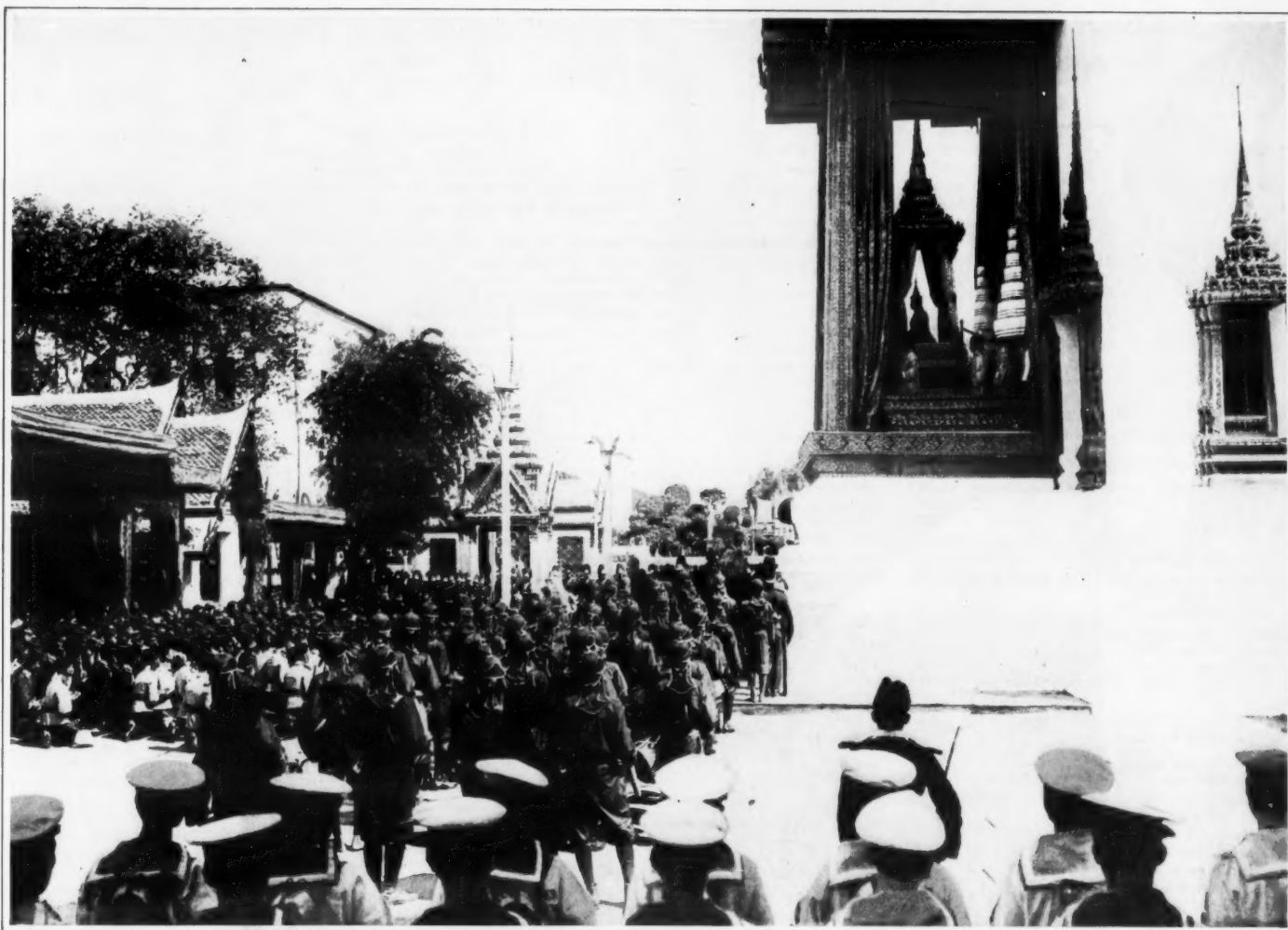
Baltimore's Pride

BALTIMORE is very pleased over getting the Democratic National Convention. It restores an ancient prestige. These Democratic conventions were held, and candidates named in Baltimore: 1832, May 21—Jackson and Van Buren; 1836, May 20—Van Buren and R. M. Johnson; 1840, May 4—Van Buren; 1844, May 27—Polk and Dallas; 1848, May 22—Cass and Butler; 1852, June 1—Pierce and King; 1860, June 18—Douglas and H. V. Johnson; 1860, June 28—Breckinridge and Lane; 1872, July 9—Greeley and Brown. Baltimore was entertaining Democratic Conventions at a time when its rivals for the present honor, Denver, Chicago, and St. Louis, had little or no place on the map. For the first twenty years of its existence, what is now the Democratic party convened in Baltimore. Its most famous convention was that of 1860, which met in Charleston on April 23, and after ten days of fruitless wrangling over the slavery question, adjourned to meet in Baltimore, minus several seceding delegations, on June 18.

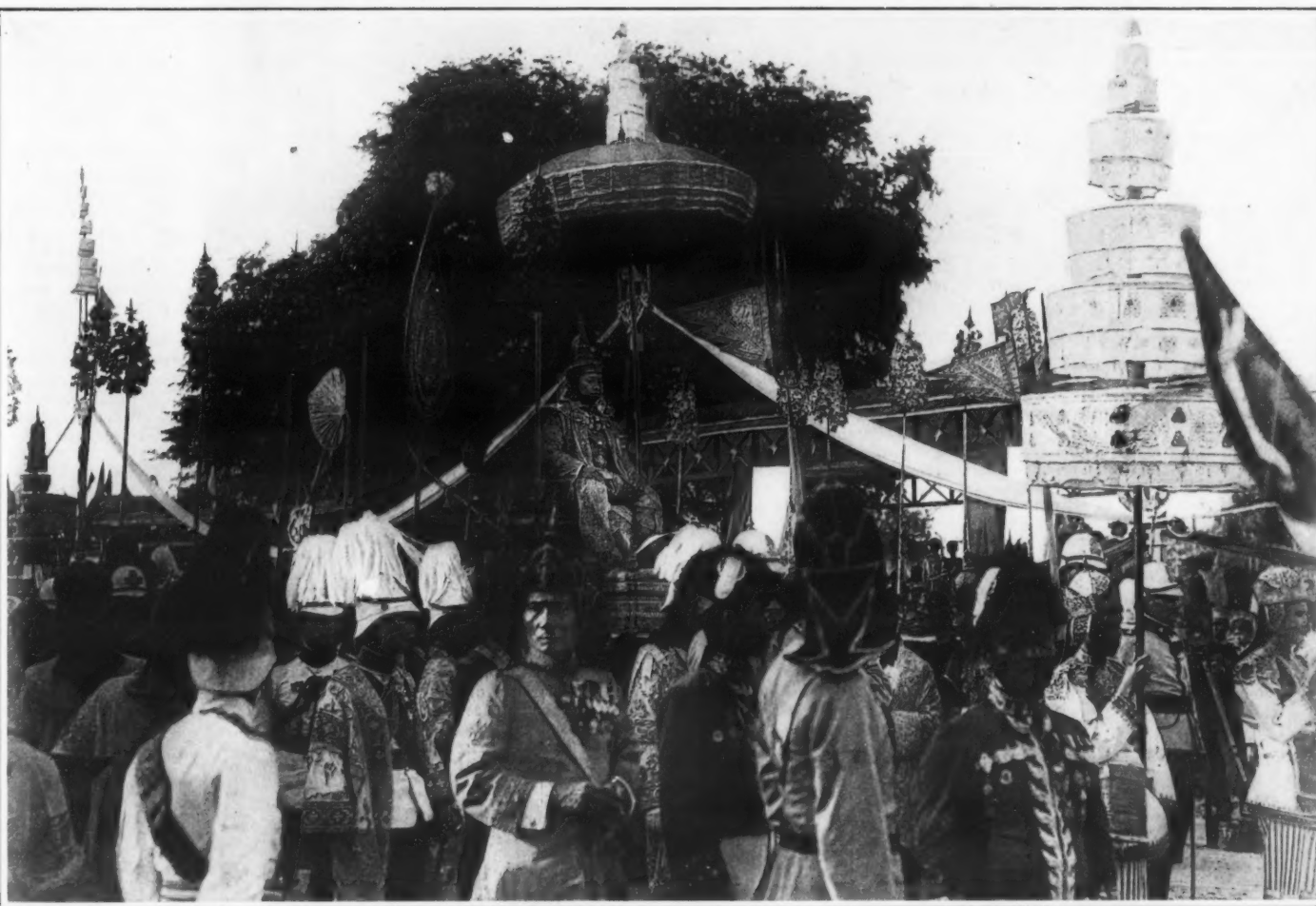
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The New King of an Ancient Kingdom



Seated on a golden stool under a nine-storied gilded umbrella, twelve feet high, in the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, in Bangkok, His Majesty, Somdet Phra Paramendora Maha Vajiravudh Mongkut Khaso, on January 2, was crowned King of Siam, and as Lord of the White Elephants, Brother of the Moon, and Possessor of Four and Twenty Golden Umbrellas. As the final ceremony water nine times filtered was poured over the royal person



For six days in Bangkok there were various observances and displays in honor of the new King, including the procession in which the King in his umbrella-canopied throne was carried through the streets to the Temple. The King was born in 1881 and was educated in England from 1893 to 1902. In 1900 he went to Oxford University, where he studied history, and later published a book on "The War of the Polish Succession"

Islands of Exile

The Beautiful Seychelles Whither England Sends Her Troublesome Cannibal Kings

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.



A native of the Seychelles

was loitering up and down the at breakfast one morning that to Mahé, in the Seychelle group, and that I might care to pass the time there by visiting the colony of cannibal exiles, I felt that one of my boyhood dreams was about to be realized.

An Emerald Island

DO YOU happen, by any chance, to have been to Mahé, in the Seychelles? No? Then you must picture an emerald island dropped down in a turquoise sea. Peacock-colored waves ripple on a silver strand, and this loses itself almost immediately in a dense forest of giant palms, which, mounting leisurely, dwindles and straggles and runs out in a peak of bare blue rock which disappears, in turn, behind a great, low-hanging heat cloud.

To reach these delectable isles one must have time and patience a-plenty. Draw a line straight across the Indian Ocean from Colombo to Zanzibar, and where that line intersects the equator there are the Seychelles. Mahé, the largest of the group, is everything that a tropical island should be, even to its inaccessibility, for, barring the French mail steamer which touches there six times a year en route to Madagascar, and an occasional German freighter which drops in on its way from Goa to Kilindini in the hope of picking up a cargo of copra, it is as completely cut off from the outside world as though it were in Mars.

I rather imagine that they are the loneliest people in the world, are those score of men and women—English, French, and German—who constitute the entire white population of the islands. That is why they are so pathetically eager to welcome the rare visitors who come their way. Indeed, until I went to Mahé I never knew what hospitality really meant. When our anchor rumbled down under the shadow of the Morne Seychellois and the police boat—its crew of negroes with their flashing teeth and big, good-humored faces, their trim blue sailor suits and broad-brimmed straw wideawakes, looking like overgrown children—had taken me ashore, I promptly found myself surrounded by the entire European population.

"I am the wife of the Legal Adviser to the Crown," said a sweet-faced little Irishwoman. "My husband and I would be so pleased if you would come up to our bungalow for dinner. You can have no idea how good it seems to see a white face again."

"Oh, I say, then you must promise to breakfast with me," urged a tall young Englishman in immaculate white linen, who, it proved, was the superior judge of the colony. "You won't disappoint me, will you, old chap? I'm dying to hear what's going on in the world."

But the Government chaplain, wasting no time in words, fairly hustled me into a diminutive dogcart and, amid the reproaches of his fellow exiles, off we rattled behind the only horse on the island.

The padre was not to monopolize me for long, however, for the little group of homesick exiles pursued us to his bungalow, where they settled me in a long cane chair, overwhelmed me with cheroots and whisky-and-

THERE can be no doubt about it; real cannibal kings are getting scarce. Ever since, as a youngster, I read of Stanley's adventures among the man-eating natives of Equatoria, I had hankered to see a real live cannibal in the flesh. But when in later years, I made inquiries about them from missionaries and officials in Senegal and Uganda and Nyassaland, I was invariably met with the reply: "Oh, that's all over now; cannibalism is a thing of the past."

So when the captain of the little German cargo boat on which I the Indian Ocean remarked he had decided to put in

sodas, and hung breathlessly on the bits of world gossip for which I ransacked the pigeonholes of my memory. The newest songs, the most recent plays, the latest fashions, all the gossip of Broadway and the Avenue de l'Opera and Oxford Street—they hung on my words with an eagerness that was pathetic.

But the European residents are not the only exiles in the Seychelles, nor, to my mind, the ones most to be pitied, for of recent years these islands, presumably because of their very remoteness, have been turned into a political prison for those deposed cannibal kings whose kingdoms have, on one excuse and another, been added to the dominions of the British Crown. At present there are three political prisoners of note on the island of Mahé—King Kabanga of Uganda, King Assibi of the Gold Coast, and King Prempeh of Ashantee. Though all of these ebony royalties were patrons of the cooking pot, King Prempeh is the most notorious and the most interesting personality by far, for it was his palace at Kumasi that was built of the skulls of the people he had eaten and surrounded by a neat picket fence made from the leg and arm bones of his victims. Owing to an error of judgment in selecting a British Commissioner as the *piece de résistance* for one of his feasts, King Prempeh was forced to exchange his skull-walled palace in Kumasi for a four-roomed cottage in the outskirts of Mahé,

dirty glasses. After another long and uncomfortable pause, the King asked me if I wouldn't have something to drink.

Taking it for granted that Prempeh's taste for drink would be as extreme as his taste for food, I poured his beer glass full to the brim with whisky, giving to myself the drink sanctioned by civilized customs.

"In my country," said the King, leaning forward and speaking in the broken English which he had acquired from the Government chaplain, "bad men sometimes try to poison king, so king turn drinks other way round," and, suiting the action to the words, he turned the tray so as to place before me the beer glassful of whisky.

At the time I visited Prempeh he was in the throes of marital unhappiness, the details of which he confided to me in his broken English. It seems that for several years past he has been endeavoring to gain admission to the Church of England fold, arguing, plausibly enough, that such a proof of his complete regeneration might result in the British Government to send him back to his beloved Ashantee. Working on that assumption, he not long ago asked the Government chaplain to confirm him, to which that gratified but still somewhat skeptical clergyman replied: "What your Majesty asks is at present impossible, for your Majesty's marital affairs are not pleasing to the Church."

So Prempeh, who had brought only twelve of his wives with him into exile, thinking that the Church held such a number to be incompatible with his dignity, sent a message to the Governor of the Seychelles asking permission to take a maiden of Mahé for his thirteenth, and it was not until the indignant chaplain remonstrated with him for his fall from grace that he grasped the fact that Christianity demands of its converts the minimum instead of the maximum number of wives.

"So me ship three wives back Africa," Prempeh explained to me in his West Coast English. "Now me have only nine. Nine wives not many for king. But if chaplain not let me in Church with nine wives, then I ship them back Africa too, for I very much homesick to see Ashantee."

Never Ending Exile

POOR, deposed, exiled king, he will never again see that African home for which he longs, I fear, for he cost England far too much in lives and money. He came out on the veranda of his little house to say good-by, and as I looked back as my rickshaw boy drew me swiftly down the road, he was still standing there waving to me—a real, dyed-in-the-wool cannibal king, who has killed and eaten more human beings, I suppose, than almost any man that ever lived.



An Exiled Cannibal King and His Court
Ex-King Prempeh of Ashantee, two of his wives and his chiefs

where, surrounded by the huts of the chieftains who accompanied him into exile, he lives on the meager pension granted him by the British Government.

Clad in a flaming cotton robe of red and yellow, worn over a pair of very soiled pajamas, he received me on the veranda of his little dwelling in the presence of the constable who guards him and who acts as interpreter when the King's scanty store of English gives out. Now I am not an entire stranger to the ways of the Lord's Anointed, but this audience with Prempeh of Ashantee was one of the most harrowing experiences that I can recall.

A Presentation at Court

IN THE first place, the mercury had climbed up and up and up until it hovered in the neighborhood of 130 degrees in the shade of the house; in the second place, the sons of the King (he told me that he had forty-two) had crowded into the tiny room until the air was scarcely breathable; in the third place, I scarcely knew what to talk to his Majesty about. The questions which one would like to ask a cannibal king are obvious—whether he takes his meat rare or well done, whether he prefers the tenderloin or the sirloin, whether whites make as good eating as blacks, and so on—but Prempeh is not the kind of a man with whom one would be inclined to take liberties, and I was not at all sure whether he would regard such questions as liberties or not. After an awkward pause of nearly half an hour, during which the King shuffled his feet uneasily and I wiped away rivulets of perspiration, he said something in Ashantee—at least I suppose it was Ashantee—to one of his attendants, who shortly returned with a tin tray holding a bottle of whisky, a siphon of seltzer, and two very



Bungalow of a European official



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"Kismet"

(Concluded from page 15)

soldier, thinking of Mandalay in the grime
and roar of London, says:

"Beefy face an' grubby 'and, law wot do
they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,
greener land."

The real danger to the white man is
not in crude animalism, of which there
is plenty at home, but that all sense
impressions, even the subtlest, become so
vivid that they crowd out and nullify
everything else. He feels but does not
think. The sun satisfies. And after that,
going to pieces is not difficult. Mr. Tully
might have made a little more of this
masked face the tropics wears—that he
understands it, one of his characters sug-
gests when he speaks of the tropics "get-
ting her flower-tipped fingers into your
brain." Miss Laurette Taylor plays the
Hawaiian girl charmingly and with some-
thing more than mere skill.

Orleneff and Nazimova

ORLENEFF is back again—Orleneff who
headed the little company of Russian
players which brought Alla Nazimova to
these shores. He is playing in a little box of
a theatre down on the East Side, used until
recently by some operatic Italians, and pre-
sented in Russian "Brand" and "Ghosts." A
shabby, drafty, little house with broad-
faced Russian Jews looking on, muffled up
in their overcoats, for Orlenoff; the Lyceum
Theatre, a polite French comedy and all
the fine feathers and incense of a Broad-
way star for his old companion, Nazimova.

One naturally wonders if this talented
actor may not be planning to follow fame
by the same route. It would be a difficult
experiment, but an interesting one, and an
actor like Orlenoff an important addition
to our stage.

Nazimova's new play, "The Marionett-
s," gives her an opportunity to play a wooden
little ingenue in one act, and a dashing
siren trying to win back the affections of
an indifferent husband in the next. She
rather overaccents both of them, but here,
as everywhere else, creates her own at-
mosphere, so vivid and picturesque that
almost without questioning one accepts it.

"The Talker" and "Kindling"

"THE TALKER," a new play by Marian
Fairfax, is an unassuming and well
worth seeing little piece of somewhat the
same domestic type as "Mother," "The
Three of Us," or "Thy Neighbor's Wife." The
"talker" here is a young, suburban
wife, with a lot of modern individualistic
ideas on marriage and forever chattering
about them. She is harmless enough, al-
though rather irritating, as far as she her-
self is concerned, but her husband's sis-
ter, a credulous, downright little girl,
takes what she says seriously, and ends by
eloping with another woman's husband.

So that there is tragedy after all, in
spite of a very amusing first act, and
tragedy that cannot be wiped out, although
the sister comes back and things are
patched up, in a way, in the end. The
importance of this little piece, aside from
its real humor, is a certain genuineness
in both lines and acting. A good deal of
the latter is due to Mr. Tully Marshall,
whose work in "The City" will be remem-
bered, and who plays here the sensible
and long-suffering husband.

A similarly sincere, although not so suc-
cessful, attempt at realism is made in Mr.
Charles Kenyon's "Kindling," in which
Miss Margaret Illington returns to the
stage after her recent sojourn in the West.
The title refers to children born under
such wretched conditions that they stand
no fair chance, and are burned up like so
much kindling in the fierce fires of the eco-
nomic struggle. Miss Illington takes the
part of a young wife of the tenements,
whose husband, convinced of the hopelessness
of their position, believes that they
have no right to bring children into the
world. Finding that she is about to be-
come a mother, and morbidly fearful of
what may become of her child, she steals,
or at least indirectly assists in a robbery.

Miss Illington has force of a rather
simple sort, and she is desperately sin-
cere in her efforts at realism—efforts which
would be more successful if her accent
ever conveyed any sense of illusion. Lack
of illusion is, indeed, the fault of the piece,
although bits here and there, that of the
plain clothes man and the tough young
parasite of the tenements, for example,
could scarcely be better. The main idea
has freshness, and there is one really big
moment in the play when the husband,
after forcing his wife to confess what she
has done, learns for the first time of her
condition, and, throwing his theories to
the wind, sweeps her into his arms—the
two of them together against the world,
no matter what comes.

Do you Scrape your face?

Does it smart and burn?

Has it occurred to you that your method may be wrong?
Your barber doesn't use a scraping razor.

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Best because the infinite superiority of its hol-
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the "Universal" gives the same safe,
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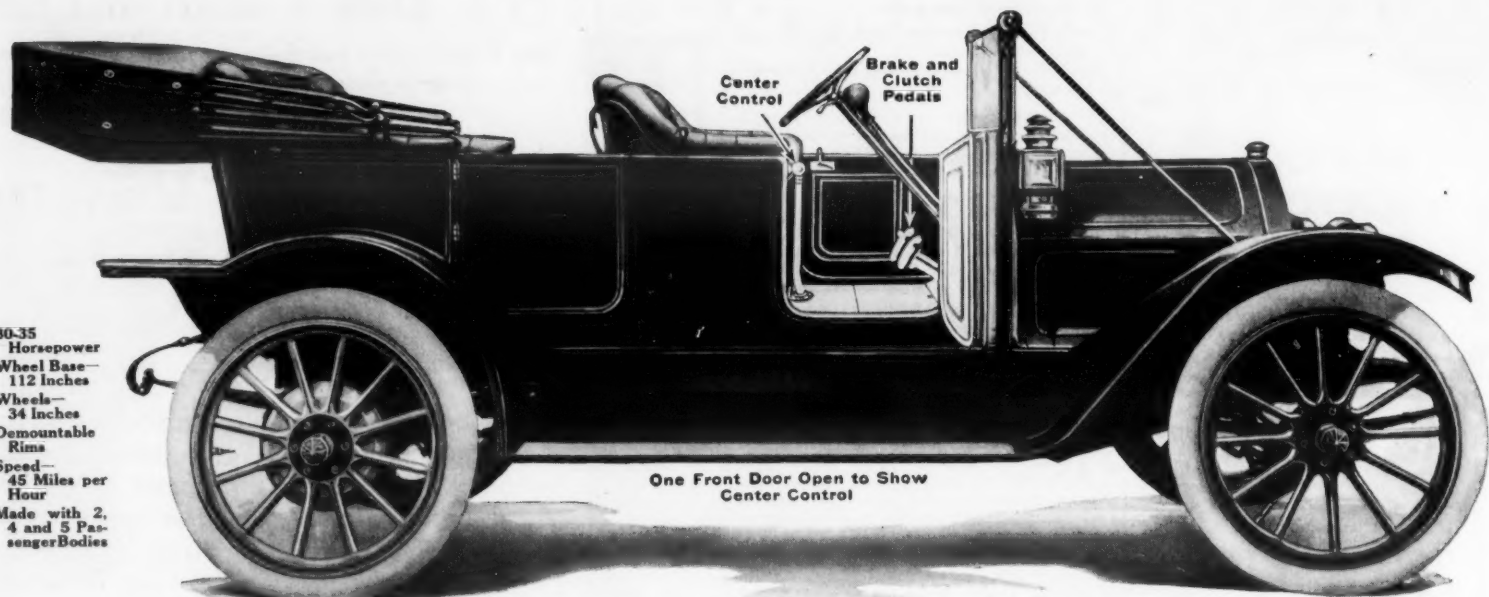
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Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip-cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for \$100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, \$25 extra.

Reo the Fifth—\$1,055 The Car That Marks My Limit

By R. E. Olds, Designer

I have no quarrel with men who ask more for their cars—none with men who ask less. I have only to say that, after 25 years—after creating 24 models and building tens of thousands of cars—here's the best I know. I call it My Farewell Car.

I don't wish to surround this new car of mine with any intangible glamour.

Glamour is always expensive.

I am simply a shop man, engineer and designer. In my earliest memories I was puttering around my father's engine works.

On leaving school I began engine building. And the Olds Gas Engines—famous half the world over—gained their place by actual merit.

For 25 years I have built automobiles. I began with single-cylinder, six-horsepower machines. And I've run the whole gamut to six-cylinder sixties.

Tens of thousands of men, in those 25 years, have used cars of my designing. Just because they relied on me, year after year, to build the best of the current cars.

I recite this to show that I am essentially practical. I shall never attempt to create any illusions. So what I say here about Reo the Fifth will be simple, plain, everyday fact.

No Sensations

Reo the Fifth is no great innovation. The time has gone by for that.

Thousands of good men, for two decades, have worked at perfecting cars.

Together they have brought the modern automobile pretty close to perfection.

I believe that this new car embodies the best that all these men have accomplished. I searched the whole world for ideas for it.

It represents, in addition, the best I have learned through 25 years of continuous striving. So it comes, I believe, pretty close to finality.

The worth of a car, in these days, depends on no exclusive devices. It depends on facilities, on experience, on honesty of purpose, on the genius for taking pains.

Here I offer you all those—each in the extreme. And no motor car maker, whatever his price, knows how to offer more.

The Lessons Taught by Tests

My chief advantage lies here:

I was among the first to start learning the needs of automobiles. And I learned faster than others, because I had more cars out.

Experience is our greatest teacher. The inexperienced designer, however well-meaning, is bound to make countless mis-

takes. One learns only through errors the need for infinite pains.

One cannot anticipate every possible weakness. He must watch how cars, under some conditions, fall down. Then make the fault forever impossible.

In this way we learn to multiply margins of safety. We learn the need for exactness, for careful inspection, for laboratory tests. What once seemed sufficient becomes recklessness later.

Thus I have been learning for 25 years, through the myriads of cars I have built. And the flawless construction of this Reo the Fifth is due to that boundless experience.

Common Weaknesses

I might mention a thousand points which have thus been perfected, but I'll deal with the leading essentials.

The main source of weakness in motor cars is steel. It is due to ignorance, to carelessness or skimping.

By countless tests I have learned the best alloy for each purpose. And, to be sure that I get it, I analyze each lot of steel.

For the axles and drive shaft I use Nickel Steel. I use Vanadium Steel for connec-

tions. For the gears I use the most perfect alloy ever worked out for this purpose.

To test these gears, which others test with a hammer, I have built a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity. There I submit the gears to a crushing test, to measure exactly what each gear will stand.

The Nickel Steel axles are much larger than necessary. Every year I have built them stronger. Now my margin of safety in this vital part is considered extreme by most makers.

For the bearings on axles and on the transmission I use Timken Roller and Hyatt High Duty. Lesser bearings have led to trouble.

I have found that magnetos differ immensely. So I devised a test where, for ten hours a day, the magneto must act under tremendous compression. I have found only two makes which stand it.

Half the troubles with cars are due to a carburetor incapable of dealing with low-grade gasoline. So I adapted a carburetor to the commonest grades. And I doubly heat it—with hot air and hot water—to facilitate evaporation.

I add about one-fifth to the power of my engine by putting intake valves on top.

The long-stroke motor, the cylinders in pairs, the dust-proof transmission, the system of oiling, all simply accord with the best modern practice.

I carry inspection to the farthest extremes. Every part is inspected—every vital part tested. That is essential. Without it, flaws will creep in which only use can discover.

Good Measure

Another thing I have learned is that buyers enjoy good measure.

My wheel base is long, my wheels extra large, my tonneau is roomy. The car is over-tired. The springs are much stronger than necessary.

The design of the car, as each can see for himself, has the last touch of up-to-dateness.

The upholstery is deep, the filling is hair, the covering is genuine leather. I avoid all the petty economies.

The body finish consists of 17 coats. The lamps are enameled, as per the latest vogue. Even the engine is nickel trimmed.

The most perfect car will fail to satisfy buyers unless its appearance is perfect.

Exclusive Features

In addition to all this, Reo the Fifth has two or three features found in no other car.

One is the center cane-handle control. See the picture. All the gear shifting is done by moving this handle not more than three inches. It moves in four directions—for low speed, intermediate, high speed and reverse.

Another unique feature is the absence of brake levers. Both of the brakes operate by foot pedals. One of the pedals operates the clutch and the service brake as well.

So the front of the car is clear. The driver dismounts on either side as easily as you dismount from the tonneau.

This arrangement permits of the left side drive. The driver sits, as he should sit, close to the cars which he passes. He sits where he can look back in making a turn. He is on the up side of the road. This has only been possible heretofore in electrics.

These are features to which other cars must come. But you find them today only in Reo the Fifth.

Price—the Only Sensation

Fixed Month by Month

The only sensation in this Reo the Fifth is the price at which we shall sell it.

All the rest results from an earnest desire, in this my final achievement, to give the best that a car can give.

If I have done that—and I believe that I have—the price of \$1,055 is both unique and sensational.

Most other features are found in some other cars. But no price like this—nor any price near it—can be found elsewhere in any car of this class.

Now I wish to explain the reason.

Paring Down Cost

For the past several years, my chief effort has been to cut down the cost of my cars.

I have felt that my place in the future depended as much on paring of cost as on skill in designing.

I have been helped in this by an enormous demand for my cars. Our multiplied output has cut overhead cost.

I have also been helped by the goodwill these cars created. Each has helped to sell others. So selling cost is a fraction of what it was.

I have helped myself by inventing special machinery. The parts are now made by automatic machines, invented and built in our shops. Labor cost, on some parts, has been divided by fifty. And we get the utter exactness which hand work never gave.

We now make in this whole shop only one style of chassis. That saves in itself nearly \$200 per car.

We have standardized the car, so that changes aren't necessary. Our tools and machinery last until we wear them out.

The whole car is now built in this one model factory, so we pay no profits to parts makers.

This year, in addition, we have cut a big slice from our profits. This new car, we figure, will more than double our output. And our profit hereafter will be a trifle per car.

Price Not Fixed

We have also adopted a changeable price. The price of today is based on today's price for materials—the lowest they have been in years. But our contracts with dealers provide for instant advance.

The price of \$1,055 is the minimum. It can certainly never go lower. But, if cost advances, the price must be advanced. Price cannot be fixed for six months in advance without leaving big margin, and we haven't done that.

This initial price is the minimum. It is the lowest price, in my estimation, which an equal car ever will cost. But that is today's price only. I very much doubt if Reo the Fifth can long be sold that low.

My Supreme Effort

A hundred makers will argue that their higher-priced cars offer more than does Reo the Fifth.

I don't wish to dispute them. Judge that for yourself. It isn't hard to make actual comparisons.

Whatever the verdict, I can only say that this car marks my limit. I would not know where to add a single iota if paid a doubled price.

Better materials I know are impossible. Better workmanship is out of the question. Better features and devices, if they exist, are still unknown to me.

More power is possible, but not economical. More size, room and weight can be had, of course, if one thinks them worth the price. But more of care or skill or quality is totally out of the question.

This Farewell Car is my finest creation. If others do better, they are better men than I.

Ask for Catalog

This car with roadster body sells for \$1,000. With close-coupled body or touring car body the price now is \$1,055. Our catalog shows the various body designs.

It also gives complete specifications. It enables comparisons, part by part, with any other car.

The book is ready for mailing. Ask for it now, as this car at least is worth investigation. When we send the book we'll tell you where to see the car. Address

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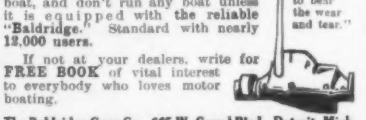


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The Castaways

(Continued from page 17)

only laughed and said that jealous people on shipboard were a nuisance. She tried to pump me about what had occurred in Mallow's cabin and why Tony Forbes wasn't at the dinner table, so I got away as soon as I could and prowled about alone.

Then toward eleven o'clock or thereabouts Mallow went below and I had Jeannie to myself. My nerves were all frayed fiddlestrings and I behaved like a fool. I went for her about Mallow. Jeannie was at first hurt, then resentful, and as much as told me to mind my own business. Anyhow, she turned on me pretty hard, and I got little mercy. I sighed and said:

"All right, Jeannie dear! I'll say no more. I suppose I'm done for. Mallow is a millionaire a good many times over, and he's not fifty yet. He's got a wife, to be sure, but she's in an asylum and I dare say he could get a divorce by asking for it."

You see, I was sore and nervous. I'd been through a good deal that day.

JEANNIE turned about to face me—we'd been standing by the rail looking down at the phosphorous along the side—and the light from under the deck awning struck across her head and shoulders. She was, then and always, far the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and in that mellow light against a blue-black sky she was almost too lovely to be borne. I gave a kind of groan, and, by a lucky fluke, told her so. Jeannie couldn't cherish rancor for ten minutes—not if she tried ever so. She melted at once, and said:

"Oh, Johnnie! don't be hard on me. There isn't anybody but you, really, you know. Come aft a bit out of the light! I want to tell you something."

We went into the warm gloom abaft the hand steering gear, and Jeannie put up her hands on my shoulders and, before I knew what she was going to do, kissed me and fled away.

Jeannie! Jeannie! I think I stood for the best part of an hour alone there in the darkness where she had left me. And the stars were under my feet, and about my head angels were singing.

If the Harvest Moon had lain in my path just then I'd have kicked it. I am quite sure.

Later on as I made my way along the deck to go below, Tony Forbes passed me, walking hurriedly and muttering to himself. I spoke to him, but got no answer, and so, as I was in a mood for solitude, went on about my business.

Perhaps I might have saved him. Who knows?

For, just as I was tumbling into my bunk, there was a sudden, loud, bellowing cry near at hand—it sounded like Mallow—then angry, confused voices and shouting—then a brief silence and hard upon that two pistol shots. I ran out into the saloon, where there was a dim night light burning, and toward Mallow's cabin. Donne was before me, standing there outside the door in his pajamas, his hair awry and his eyes bulging. He said in a kind of babbling whisper:

"It's Tony! It's Tony!"

But I didn't wait to listen. I tore open the door of Mallow's cabin and sprang in. The place was brightly lighted. Mallow, dressed for bed, stood over against the farther bulkhead with a big smoking Colt in his hand, and the body of Tony Forbes lay on the floor huddled and still. Another pistol was beside it, a silly little nicked, pearl-handled thing that I had often seen among Forbes's effects.

So ended right gloriously the Harvest Moon's first day among us.

IT was given out, for the sake of the ladies, that Forbes, in a fit of insanity, had shot himself. Donne and I, after some consultation, subscribed to the lie. It seemed better so. The truth wouldn't have helped Tony's case much. It was plain enough that the poor chap had been quite mad. He had gone armed to Mallow's cabin. He had brought death upon himself.

As for Mallow—well, there's no use in piling up words about Mallow. The man was incomprehensible. He was as mad as poor Tony Forbes, but a cold, vicious madness—a kind of dull ferocity. Donne and I watched him, but kept out of his way. I doubt we had, all told, a dozen words with Mallow from the time of Forbes's death to the catastrophe three days later, for he seldom addressed anybody except Jeannie, with whom he talked at the table, ignoring his other guests, and with whom he walked the deck.

It was well high senile, the way he fawned upon her.

Donne saw something once—I never knew what it was—and attacked Mallow

about it. Mallow glowered at him for a bit and said:

"You saw what happened to young Forbes, didn't you? He got in my way. You'd better keep out of it."

Donne was a heavy-witted, easy-going chap, and hadn't at his best much spirit, but he plucked up enough to remark that he was Jeannie's father and meant to look out for her. Mallow, looking like a dog about to bite, said:

"Keep out of my way or you'll wish you had." And Donne hemmed and hawed and spluttered a bit and left him.

Jeannie! Here again there's no good in fiddling with words. I can't explain the change in Jeannie any more than I can explain or account for Mallow's madness. Let's lay it to the Harvest Moon and be done. Queerer things than these have come out from the shadow of that beastly little sphere of parasite and naere.

She avoided me after that evening before Forbes's death. She kept out of my way and spent her time alone in her cabin, or else, as I've said, with Mallow. And she didn't look herself. She lost color and spirit and something else. She came to be a stranger as Mallow had done. I didn't recognize Jeannie any more. I told Donne I thought she was looking ill, but her father said:

"Oh, the child's all right—vapors—megrimms!" and avoided my eye and changed the subject.

So it came to the evening of the third day.

I dressed a bit early and went up on deck for a breath of air before dinner. It was hot and still, and there was a greenish, weird light over the sea that seemed to come from the big violet cloud bank the sun had gone down behind.

I FOUND Jeannie on deck, before me, standing by the rail near the saloon companion, but she turned about when she heard my step. She had on her prettiest frock—long and pink and clingy, and rather more décolleté than girls usually go in for. She'd put some rouge on her cheeks to make up for the lost color, and a touch of brighter red stuff on her lips. And 'round her neck, by a thin gold chain so long that it fell deep down on her breast, she wore the Harvest Moon!

It was like seeing poor Forbes's head hung 'round Jeannie's neck. It gave me such a shock that I couldn't hold my tongue. I said:

"What in Heaven's name are you doing with that pestilence?"

"I'm wearing it," said Jeannie, looking at me with hard eyes. "It's mine. Why shouldn't I wear it?"

I felt sick.

"Oho! It's yours, is it?" said I. "I suppose that means something." And Jeannie said, still with those hard, strange eyes and in a hard voice:

"Yes, it means just what you think. You told me yourself that he could get a divorce by asking for it. Well, he's going to ask."

"Oh, Jeannie! Jeannie!" I groaned, and she said in an odd hurried fashion:

"Let's not make a scene, Johnnie! I know what you'd like to say. I know what you think of me. I can't help it. You'll just have to think what you like. I've—changed, that's all. I can't explain. Words are no good. I've changed my mind. I'm sorry. Truly, my dear, I'm sorry. But it's no good talking, is it? Just call me what names you want to and forget me. There's the dinner gong! We must go down."

Jeannie was right. It was no good talking. I let her go without a word.

The yacht had begun to meet a series of long, shining, windless swells before I went below ten minutes later, and was pitching deep. It was hotter, too, and the air felt very queer—I can't explain just how. I was late for dinner, of course, but Mallow didn't seem to notice. He was looking at Jeannie. So was her father, a bit white and scared, I thought. The Harvest Moon about his daughter's neck may have given him a turn, I fancy.

I FIND I have but the vaguest of recollections of the hurricane that fell upon us that night—vague, I mean, as to details. And I say "fell upon us," for those are the truest words I can find. It was like the ferocity of a savage animal over its prey. It was a nightmare of green blackness and screaming wind. It was a hell of sky and sea. The yacht ran before it, "over and through," for something like two hours, I should think, while we on board lay where we could, and clung with arms and legs to what we might.

There was a lull toward midnight, and I made my way across the saloon to where Jeannie lay on one of the cushioned seats,

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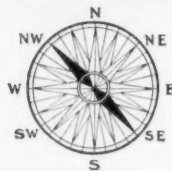
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The Castaways

(Continued from page 26)

tired and frightened and in a sort of daze of exhaustion. Mallow was near by, but harmless. He had hit his head against something, and been unconscious for half an hour, but the Japanese steward had patched him up and wedged him into a corner with some cushions. Jeannie clung to me like a child and wept, but when I saw that she was uninjured I left her and went on deck, creeping up the companion stairs on hands and knees.

I crept forward a bit and got under the lee of the chart house beneath the bridge. I found a rope end flying loose, and passed it about my waist and knotted it with a half hitch that could easily be slipped.

I saw presently, as I clung there, Mallow, with his head bandaged, come out of the saloon companion, and, clinging to his arm, Jeannie, still in the lovely pink frock. There was at the moment no wind at all—a space of dead calm over that tremendous welter of sea. I thought I even saw the Harvest Moon, on Jeannie's breast, glowing like a little red fire, but that, of course, was sheer morbid fancy. They made their way aft a bit, and were lost to my sight. Then we struck.

I HEARD a sudden pounding of feet on the bridge over my head; I heard a sharp cry; the yacht's bow rose high on one of the great seas and came down with a sickening, grinding, jarring crash that seemed to me to shake the whole structure to pieces under my feet. I heard lesser crashes hard upon the first—and they were the masts and a part of the bridge going. Then, held at the nose in a loose grip by what even then I recognized for a coral reef, the yacht began to pitch by the stern with incredible violence—rising and falling on the tremendous seas.

The air seemed to be full of flying wreckage—heavy and murderous things—bits of spars, fragments of boats, hatch covers, and the like. By some odd freak of chance the whole side of the saloon companion hood tore away, and a flood of quiet, steady, untroubled light poured out across the deck in a broad band.

Some one began screaming in a woman's voice, and after a moment I became aware that it was Jeannie who was calling my name from the darkness abaft the mainmast. I gave a great shout, slipped the rope that was about my waist, and tried to go to her. The deck was like an insane mountainside in a bad dream. One instant it dipped steeply down from beneath my feet, the next it reared up like the side of a house. I ran a few steps, fell on my face, clawing at the planks, waited, and ran again. Jeannie kept screaming my name from that noisy darkness, and I found myself shouting hers, telling her that I was coming. Then all at once I became aware of Mallow standing in the band of yellow light that poured out of the smashed companion hood. He stood across my path a mad and wild apparition, with his face twisted in incredible hate and rage, blood trickling down from under the bandage that was about his head, in his hand the big Colt automatic pistol with which he had murdered Tony Forbes.

I raced down a sort of momentary precipice to within ten paces of the man, was flung on my face there, scrambled somehow to my hands and knees, and so to my feet. Mallow was trying to cover me with the big Colt, but on that heaving deck it wasn't an easy job. I shouted to him: "Get out of my way!"

"Get out of mine, you vermin!" screamed Mallow, and fired at me. The bullet went wild, and the next plunge of the yacht hurled me clean through the air upon his head and shoulders. He went down like a shot rabbit, and I on top of him.

I REMEMBER a brief ferocious struggle there on the deck. I remember Mallow snarling like an animal, like a mad dog. I remember that he bit my left hand as I tried to throttle him, and suddenly, with a great effort, threw me off and rose above me, crouching. He called Jeannie's name twice into the dark, and Jeannie answered with mine.

"Johnnie! Johnnie!"

Mallow screamed and kicked at my face as I lay under him, but the deck rose just then and sent him staggering. I found his Colt pistol at my hand and shot him through the body twice. Then I ran back into the darkness where Jeannie was.

I found her clinging to a broken stay half dazed and with her strength nearly gone. There was a life raft—one of the usual hollow cylinder type—lashed to the roof of the little wheelhouse at the after-end of the deck. It had broken its moorings, slipped to the deck, and was balancing perilously there. I put Jeannie on it and climbed after her, for I didn't think the yacht could last long. To tell

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The Castaways

(Continued from page 27)

the truth, though, I don't believe I thought at all. I acted from a kind of instinct. Then presently the stern of the yacht dipped lower than usual in one of its sickening plunges, a sea came aboard, and the raft was afloat upon it.

I remember an instant of horrid panic when it came to my mind that we were afloat outside the reef and not within it, and I remember very little more. We seemed to have struck upon the coral, naturally enough, almost at once. I heard Jeannie's voice one last time in a scream, and then I was struggling alone in a mass of wreckage, buffeted by prodigious black seas, gasping for a little breath, and I said: "This is the end."

Of course it wasn't. I came to my senses lying half in and half out of the water, my head upon smooth sands, bits of wreckage bobbing quietly about my feet. It was still dark, but the sky above me was clear, and there were stars and a moon. No wind blew, but the air was full of roaring sound, and when, dazed and sore and battered, I dragged myself upright, I found it was the breaking of the sea on the reef a quarter of a mile away, and I saw dimly that the yacht still lay there, held by the bows, still pitched and plunged, though at my feet the black water lay almost as still as a pond.

I thought of Jeannie, born from me in that fury of seas. Turning very weak, I wept bitterly, and being half dead with exhaustion and bruises and exposure, I fainted away again, and returned to this world some hours later toward dawn.

Jeannie came to me with the sunrise, floating on her half-submerged raft inward across the lagoon. Her yellow hair trailed in the water after her, the pretty pink frock lay wet and close about her body.

There were no more tears for me to shed. Indeed, I think I was glad that I might save her beautiful body from the buffetings of the sea and from its monsters. I waded with bent head into the still lagoon. I took her into my arms and carried her ashore, and laid her upon the warm sand. There was rouge still upon poor Jeannie's white cheeks and red upon her pale lips. Under each eyelid there was a gleam of blue. My eyes fell upon a thin gold chain, and I saw the Harvest Moon in the hollow of Jeannie's breast. With a sudden spasm of fury, I tore it off, chain and all, and threw it far from me across the sands. I didn't see where it fell, nor care to.

"Jeannie! Jeannie!"

Kneeling, I bent over her to smooth the yellow hair decently from her brow. It seemed to me that her eyelids fluttered once, and I gave a great cry and caught her up in my arms.

I HAD thought to write at some length of our life together on this unnamed, unknown isle during the following month, but I find I cannot. For one thing it is in many ways too painful, and for another I find that my memory is in some odd fashion fitful and uncertain: it is as if there were driving clouds across a moonlit sky—there come flashes of bright light and then darkness. . . .

Jeannie said:

"Let's agree never to speak of him! (Mallow). He is a horror in my mind—the memory of a dreadful dream. I wasn't myself, dear Jeannie. I was under some hideous spell, and I want to forget it all if I can. You must help me."

She said:

"I've never loved anyone but you. Never! never! I'm not ashamed to confess it. I'm proud."

We found that all the coconut palms were for some inexplicable reason barren, and, though the island was ablaze with poinsettia, with hibiscus, and a hundred splendid flowers, there was no other form of natural food. I had tied some wreckage together, paddled myself out to the wreck, and saved a great quantity of tinned provisions; but one night, when there was a squall of wind and sea, the yacht, weighed down by its submerged stern, slipped off the reef and sank. Jeannie said:

"Tell me the truth! Is there any chance of our being rescued from here?" I couldn't lie to her. I said:

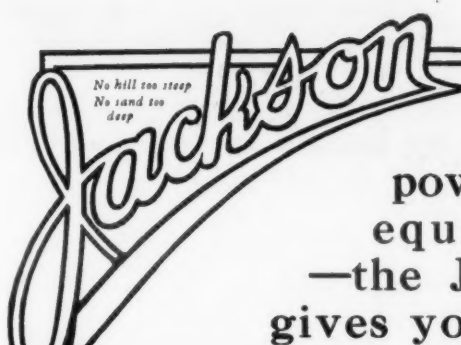
"Very little, Jeannie." She hid her face against me for a space, then looked up, smiling.

"Better a month with you, my dear, than a hundred years apart from you."

She said one day:

"I suppose the Harvest Moon got lost in that dreadful storm. Well, I'm glad. I believe it has black magic about it, as everybody says. I believe it brought all our troubles to us."

Like a fool, I told her how it had come ashore with her that first morning, and how I had torn it from about her neck



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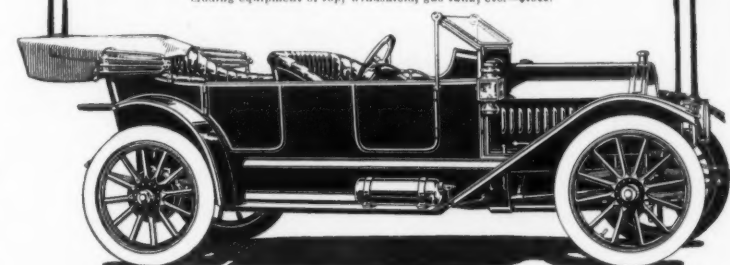
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The Castaways

(Concluded from page 29)

and flung it away in the sand. Jeannie looked grave and a little distressed.

"Oh, I'm sorry it is here on our island! I wish it weren't. I wish it were at the bottom of the sea. Well, let's just forget it you and I. You don't want it, do you, Johnnie? You don't ever think about it?"

I held her closer and hid my face against her hair and said: "No!" It was a lie, for I had been dreaming of the Harvest Moon every night.

It was, I think, a week later that I awoke toward morning and found myself on hands and knees down at a certain spot by the shore. So I knew that I had walked in my sleep, and I knew what I was searching for. I was ashamed and crept away.

TWO nights afterward Jeannie followed, watched me for I don't know how long, and was there when I awoke. She wept very bitterly and refused to be comforted, though I said and did all I knew.

"It's no fault of mine if I walk in my sleep, is it? Heaps of people walk in their sleep. Besides, it's only once."

"Oh, Johnnie!" said she. "If it were only just once! Do you think I haven't known you were gone—time after time?" She wept again, saying:

"It has got you, my dear, like the others. It's taking you away from me. I wish I were dead."

She went on so long in this silly strain that I lost my temper, as anyone might do, and turned on her.

"What if I do want the Harvest Moon? It's mine by rights. Who found it on that dead man on the schooner? I did, and it ought to have been mine from the first. If I'd had the sense God gave the geese, I'd have slipped it into my pocket and said nothing."

Jeannie said again that she wished she were dead, and went away by herself. There was no good talking to her, and I searched in the sand until the moon went down.

As I look backward now I realize that it was from this time she began to let go her hold upon life. I didn't realize it then. I only knew she was sad and very quiet, and wept a good deal and got thin and white. I was away more or less searching in the sand by day as well as by moonlight, for now, of course, there was no use in keeping the thing secret. Jeannie knew.

I must not give the idea that we hadn't our golden hours. We had—hours when the craving for that beautiful mystic thing was tired in me, and retreated to the back of my mind and lay resting. Then Jeannie would be glad and gay, and would smile once more, and we would sit together under the palm tree, Thomas, and the sands would be pale gold at our feet, and the still sea green and blue and lavender in gigantic stripes. Then Jeannie's head would lie in the hollow of my shoulder and her heart beat under my hand. And sometimes she'd sing as happy mothers do. Once she said:

"I wish God would let me die now, this moment, in your arms, Johnnie. It would be nice to die quite happy, wouldn't it?"

As I look backward, it seems to me just no time at all after this when she really was at the point of death (from what I never knew—general unwillingness to live, I suppose), and said so, and we both knew it to be true.

I cannot remember that I was very much depressed. You see, I had been searching and searching for nearly a month, and there wasn't much space left in my mind for anything else.

SHE slept a great deal toward the end—exhaustion, no doubt—but late one afternoon awoke, and, by good fortune, I was there. Jeannie smiled up at me and said in a whisper:

"I think—it'll be very soon now, dear Johnnie. You'll stay by me, won't you?" I kissed her and promised, and she fell asleep again.

Well, I wasn't any good to her while she was asleep, was I? And the night before I'd had a wonderful, a thrilling, an ecstatic dream in which, at last, I found the Harvest Moon—actually found it and held it in my hands.

I thought she would drowse like that for hours, and I slipped away. I only meant to be gone a few minutes.

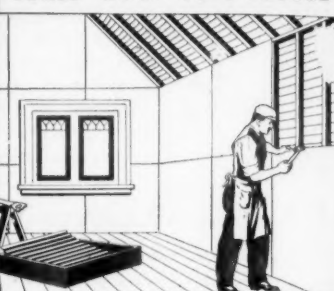
I suppose I really was absent longer than I thought. One never knows. The chief point is that my dream came true.

I found it. It lay under the edge of a rock with sand blown across so that only a tiny gleam of gold chain was left in view. I believe I fainted quite away with the shock and the excitement.

Afterward I ran back as quickly as I could, but I was too late. Jeannie was dead. She'd awoke, found me gone, and tried to crawl to me. She lay on her face some distance from where I had left her.

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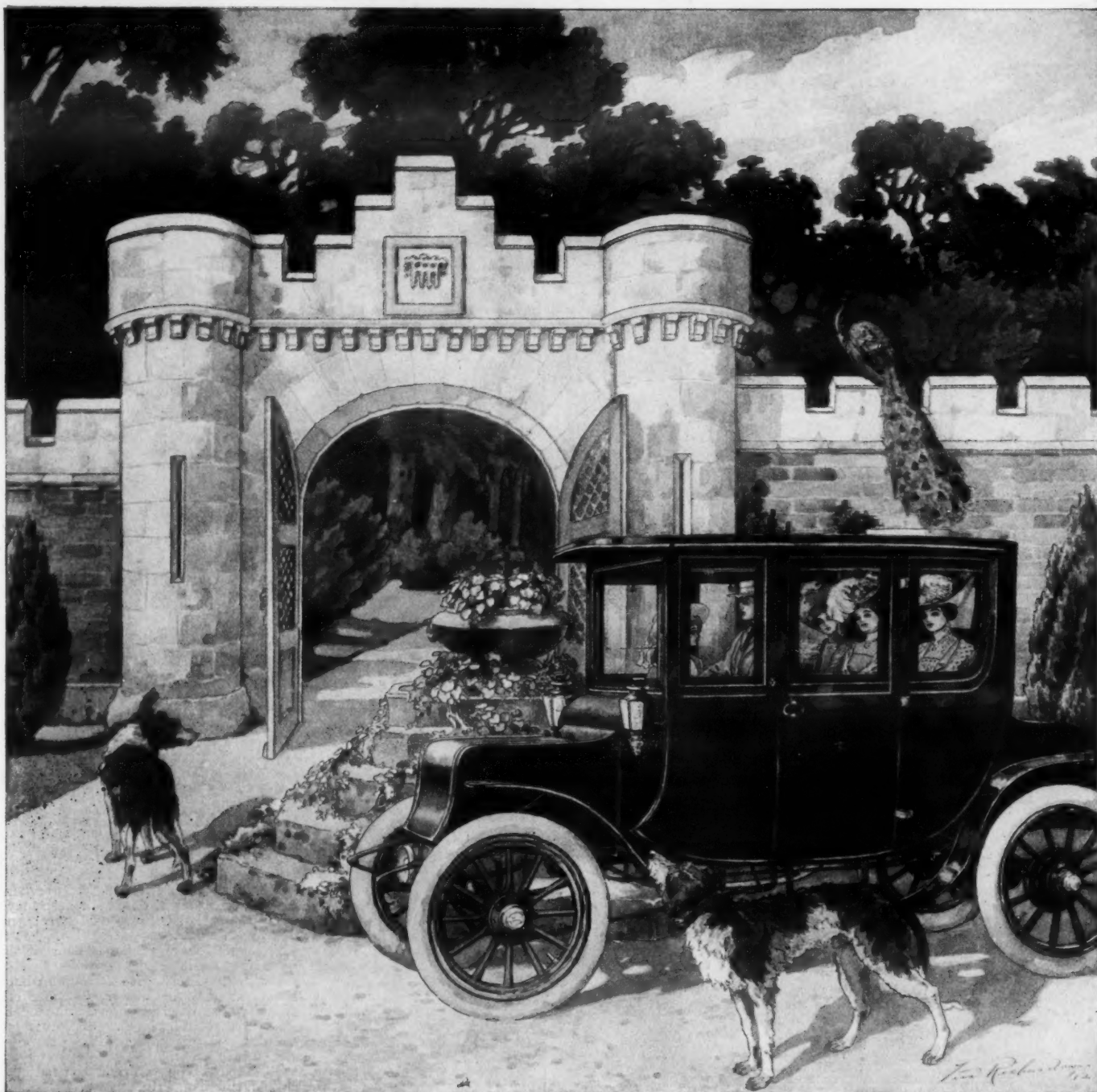
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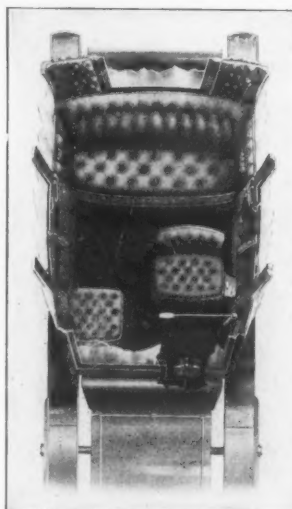
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